
AMERICANA OR A NEW TALE OF THE GENII — BALTIMORE 1802





MOLIERE was right in saying that it was something to be bound, even in calf. A book which is not bound is not a book; it is "a pamphlet," which one forgets in a railroad car or cab, which one lends, which one leaves on a garden seat, where it gets wet, or on a toilet table, where it gets soiled, which the chambermaid, who finds it under a chair, tears up to kindle the fire. Bound, it is another thing. A book bound is a book which one has read and which one wishes to read again, which one keeps for days of sadness or ennui. It is one of the family, a friend, the friend who never changes, always ready to converse, to instruct, and to console.

TERMS—CASH. PRICES—NET.

Philadelphia, Oct 22nd 1875

No. 139 South Seventh-ſtreet.

Mr. A. A Jennings

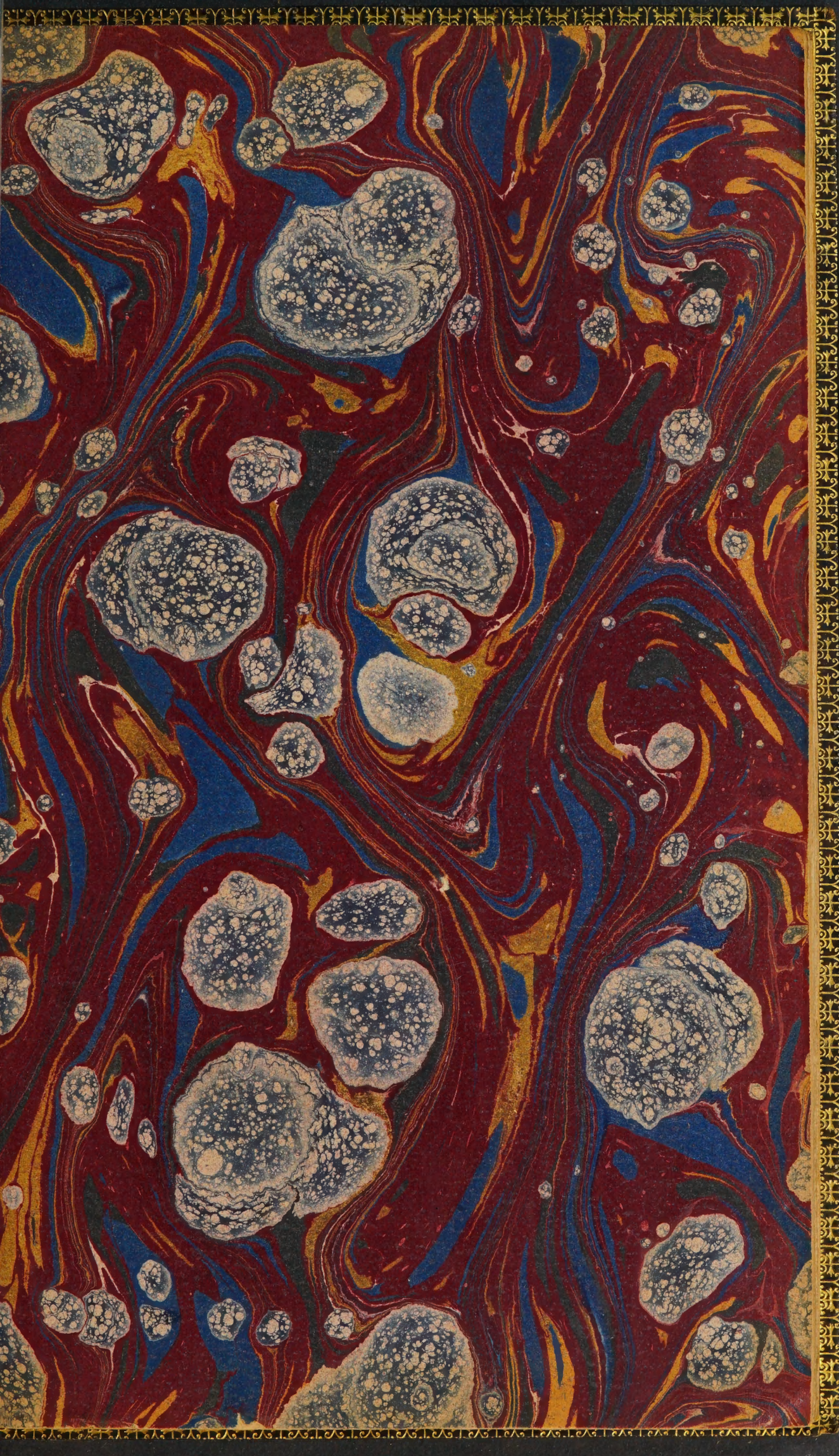
To PAWSON & NICHOLSON, Dr.

JAMES PAWSON,
JAMES B. NICHOLSON.

BOOKBINDERS.

Binding	Appearance of a Ghost	1	75
"	Memorial of the French Government Levant Mar. Sup. &c	9	00
"	New Tales of the Genii. Levant Mar	7	50
		$18	25

Rec'd Payment
for Pawson & Nicholson
James Coll



812
A512
1802
RB-4

AMERICANA;

OR, A

NEW TALE OF THE GENII:

BEING AN

Allegorical Mask,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Baltimore:

Printed by W. PECHIN, in Second-street, between Gay & South-streets.

1802.

158276

MOST

RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

TO

His Excellency

Thomas Jefferson,

President OF THE United States;—

By his most

Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMERICANA, *Genius of America.*

ELUTHERIA, *Genius of Liberty.*

GALIANA, *Genius of France.*

TYPHON, *Genius of Tyranny.*

FASTIDIO, *Genius of Pride.*

THIRTEEN GENII—*Presiding over the* THIRTEEN UNITED STATES.

FULMENIFER,
JELEMMO,
ARIANTHUS, } *Friends & Servants of Americana.*

ETHERIUS, *Commander in Chief of Americanas and Galiana's united Legions.*

VESPERIA, *Chief of the Mountain Nymphs or Hemmadryads.*

HYBLA,
TINTORETTA,
and 4 others, } *Mountain Nymphs.*

OFFA,
and 5 others, } *Gnomes.*

MUSIDORUS, *A Hermit, long resident on the Allegany Mountain ;—for whom, (being ignorant of the Revolution) the Mask is performed.*

SCENE——*During the Time of Representation—the utmost Summit of the* Allegany Mountain.

Americana, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE—The lower part of a great rock, supposed to be situated on the summit of the Allegany Mountains——*the base of this rock, projecting forward on the stage, and, as it ascends, gradually lessening, the summit will appear as if lost in the clouds——The back and sides representing a wild and uncultivated scenery*——Hybla *discovered on a projection of the rock, with a wand in her hand.*——Offa *enters below, as though in haste.*

Offa. HIST, Hybla! Hybla!

Hybla. Who art thou?
O, thou hated monſter! art thou there?
Didſt thou not with thy fellow goblins go,
Long, long before the paleſt ſtreak of light
Sprang from the eaſt, this morn to gather dew?

Offa. The love of thee, fair Hybla, turn'd me back.

Hybla. If thou preſume to talk of love to me,
I'll roll ſome looſened fragment of this Rock,
Down on thy hated head.

Offa. My lovely Hybla,
Chide me not too ſeverely, leſt thou grieve
When thou doſt find how much thou oweſt thine Offa:

Oft have I heard thee wiſh that thou couldſt ſee
A mortal creature—One of thoſe deſcended
From that firſt man ; by men, I think, call'd Adam.
In my wide tour, this morn, around the baſe
Of wood-bound Allegania I have met
A venerable Hermit, who reſides
In a far-diſtant glen ; obſcure, unknown
To all of human kind, himſelf except.
Unſeen by him, I met him, as he ſought
A ſnow-white kid, on which he fondly doats :
E'er which, I ſaw that lovely wanton brows
On the wild roſebud, and the hoary moſs :
I ran to it,—I pinch'd its tender ſides,
And made it bleat ; the hermit hearing this,
Quick, as his age would give him leave, he ran,
Directed by his fondling's piteous cries ;
Whom, I, inviſible, before me drove
Up to the ſummit of old Allegania.
Now! lovely Hybla, if thou canſt, chide on.

Hybla. In ſooth I grieve that I have rail'd at thee.
But where is he ?—where Offa !—where is the man ?
Ha ! ſure I ſee him bound to yonder vine,
Nibbling the tender leaves—is that a man ?

Offa. Fie ! ſimple Hybla !—that's the hermit's kid !
His little foible, his ſuperfluous care :
Yet truly, if he lives to goatiſh years,
I know not man, or 'twill reſemble then
By its capricious follies Adam's ſons.

Hybla. I ſee him now!——I would I dare deſcend.
Ah me ! how different from what I thought !
O how I long to hear the mortal ſpeak ;
To ſtroak, inviſible, his hands, his face,
To twiſt my fingers in his hoary locks:
With what ſolicitude he looks around,
In hopes to find that falſe ungrateful creature,
Who ſeems ſo ſenſeleſs of his maſter's woe.

Offa. Fly down to me, my fair, and I will lead thee
To where he yonder ſits to reſt himſelf.

Hybla. Ah me! I dare not, I am ſtationed here
By good Vesperia, who hath order'd me
To guard theſe tender eagles in their neſt,
Built in theſe cliffs——their dams being flown abroad
In queſt of food: the young ones ſo expos'd,
Would fall an eaſy prey to poiſonous ſnakes,
Unleſs defended——lo! what numbers lie
Kill'd by my hand, this morn, around the rock.
'Twas not with thee, kind Offa, I was wroth;
But with theſe wicked, theſe deteſted ſerpents.

Here Hybla repeatedly ſtrikes the rock, from which, ſeveral large ſerpents fall, ſome of which remain, as if lifeleſs, others fly acroſs the ſtage.

Offa. O valient Hybla——well done my lovely Hybla!
What hero he of Adam's boaſted race
Would dare to do as thou doſt, charming Hybla!
Look, lovely nymph! behold the mortal comes,
And muttering to himſelf——now thou'lt hear
For the firſt time, a child of Adam ſpeak.
Sure charming Hybla after this thou'lt love me.

Hybla. O how I long to hear the human voice!
Now gentle Offa, if thou lov'ſt me fly!
Go ſeize his pretty fondling by the leg
And make it bleat, and skip from cliff to cliff;
Then hie thee gentle goblin here to me,
And I proteſt, I'll let thee kiſs my hand.

Offa. Wilt thou in ſooth, O happy, happy Offa!

Runs out, returns immediately with a kid in his arms, flies up the rock to Hybla, both of whom aſcend higher, and diſappear above.

Enter Musidorus.

Musi. I had but one companion in the world,
And he grew tired of me, and bade adieu
To my poor ſolitary cot, as I myſelf
Have bade adieu to all the ſons of men.
Ah fickle Capriello! where art thou?
Ungrateful creature, whither art thou fled?
Ha! ſure I ſee him bound from cliff to cliff,
Near the high brow of this ſtupendous rock:
Here Capriello! Capriello here!
Ah, thou little wretch, what toil thou'ſt coſt me!

Here Muſidorus begins to clime the rock, but ſoon ſeems to be weary—ſtops as if irreſolute. Offa without appearing lets down the kid and draws it back as Muſidorus attempts to ſeize it. Hybla ſings.

Hybla above.

Look behind thee, ah beware,
See yon grim and ghaſtly tyger,
If life be worth thy ſmalleſt care,
Scale the rock with doubled vigor.

Hiſſing ſerpents, at thy heels,
Enough to fill thy ſoul with fear:
My friendly heart thy terror feels
Aſcend and find thy ſafety here.

By the time this air is finiſhed, Muſidorus diſappears above——immediately another ſcene diſcovers itſelf falling between the former ſcene and the audience.

This repreſents an airy and unbounded proſpect, wings and back flat repreſenting a clear ſky, light clouds but low and near the floor——by this mean the ſtage will very naturally repreſent the ſummit of the vaſt rock on which the Maſque is repreſented.——N. B. the ſmalleſt appearance of vegetation is not to be ſeen.

Enter Hybla, and Offa running.

Hybla. The tyger darted by and ſaw him not.
And now he ſtands irreſolute, mid-way,
And ſeems to give the dreadful labour o'er.
What ſhall I do?——I fear he will deſcend:
See he looks below——my gentle Offa!
I prithee try, once more, to lure him hither.

Offa. Thou'dſt fitter aſk theſe favors at the hand
Of thy dear Elvio,——ah, deluſive Hybla!

Hybla. Is't poſſible my Offa ſhould be jealous of ſimple Elvio?

Offa. Did I not catch that Offa and thyſelf in the wood-pecker's neſt?

Hybla. O thou ſlanderer baſe!
I know what thou'dſt inſinuate by that:
But, by Americania's hand I ſwear
We only went to feed the callow brood,
Whoſe dam by ſome ſad accident was loſt:
Elſe had the pretty creatures died of hunger.

Offa. Did I not ſee him on the ſquirrel's back,
Proudly aſtride, and thou well pleas'd behind,
With thy fond arm around my rival's waiſt?

Hybla. Grant my requeſt, or never ſee me more.

Offa. O lovely Hybla! thou art irreſiſtible.
I go my fair; but after my reward though.

Hybla. What means the monſter?

Offa. Haſt thou then forgotten
That kiſs celeſtial thou haſt promis'd me?
[*Going to kiſs her.*

Hybla. Ah! [*ſhrieks*] thou will not, ſure preſume t' approach my cheek!

Offa. Thy lovely hand at leaſt then.

Hybla. There, there take it.
Oh! how I ſhudder at the monſter's touch.

Offa. O bliſs beyond compare! now will I fly
To execute my lovely Hybla's will.
[*bounds toward the ſide—returns.*
There is a Bird this hermit much admires
By Mortals call'd the Mocking Bird.—Thou'ſt heard it.
O! could'ſt thou immitate its various notes! [*Exit.*

Hybla ſola. Yes, I will try; but, ah! th' attempt is vain,
To mock that lovely mocker of his kind.
Now all the powers of melody aſſiſt me!
Sings in immitation of a Mocking Bird.
I've ſeen your loſt kid [*Sym.*
In this very ſpot;
Nay truly did, [*Sym.*
Believe me or not.
[*Symphony of inſtruments wild and irregular.*
Look, look, your fair fondling is tripping,
The wanton is bleating and ſkipping,
Tripping,—skipping——skipping——tripping,
Be quick——be quick——be quick——
Be quick, if you mean to arreſt him to day.
[*Grand Symphony.*

My roſebuds he cropt,
And he trampl'd my flowers;
The jeſſamins lopt,
That adorn my gay bowers.
All the time he's been here he's kept lopping
My tulips and hyacinths cropping;
He's done me abundance of damage to day,
Then prithee—prithee, &c.
Then prithee come take the young ſpoiler away.
[*Grand Sym.*

Enter Offa, running.

Offa. I pray my deareſt Hybla be not wroth

That I return thus ſoon——thou ſaweſt, my fair,
How inch by inch I lur'd the mortal near
The craggy brow of this ſtupenduous rock;
Till, turning towards the pavillion, I ſaw
Jelemmo haſtily approach.

Hybla. Ah me!
I fear Jelemmo will be very wroth;
And well he may, for well he knows thy race
Are enemies to Adam's feeble ſons;
And dreads to ſee a mortal near this place,
Leſt you ſhould play them ſome miſchievous wile!
And now I feel, too late, I have done wrong;
Too late alas! for O, Jelemmo comes,
And comes to chide,——begone thou tempting fiend.
[*To Offa.*

Jelemmo enters haſtily, croſſes the ſtage, ſtands at one of the ſide wings in the attitude of one who looks down a ſteep precipice——then turns to Hybla and Offa.

Jelemmo. Since the firſt dawn of time, this ſacred place
Hath never been polluted by the foot
Of ſinful man; and yet you ſee full plain
Yon panting mortal clambering up the rock.

Offa. A man good Jelemmo! [*Running out.*

Jelem. Return thou damn'd one,
Offspring of hell return. [*Lifting his Javlin.*

Offa. O ſpare me, Jelemmo!
'Twas Hybla's fault.

Hybla. Hideous monſter, mine? mine, thou demmy fiend!
Gracious Jelemmo, I freely own
I oft have wiſhed to ſee a ſon of Adam:
A race ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo intereſting!
But was my ſimple wiſh ſufficient cauſe
For him to uſe ſuch arts?

Jelem. I bluſh for thee.
Did I not hear thy faſcinating voice?

Offa. Let me but drive the mortal down again,
Since 'tis offenſive——

Jelem. Do not dare to ſhew
That fiend-like form to his affrighted eyes:
If that terrific ſhape of thine he ſee,
Frantic with fear, he'll quit his feeble hold
And tumble headlong down the dreadful precipice.
'Tis now irremedable. He aſcends
And ſhews his hoary Head above the rock:
Poor panting mortal! ſee how he gaſps for breath.
How would I deal with thee——Hell-born with thee;
But that I fear to fright him with thy cries.

Offa. Mercy, mercy! O Jelemmo pardon.

Jelem. Haſt thou then quite forgot the puniſhment
Inflicted on thee by the hand of virtue,
That day, I well remember, when thou lurk'd
Beneath the vaſt tremendous arch of Rockbridge?
There mimicking with thy diſcordant voice,
The growl of Bears, the yell of wolves and panthers;
As when they join in Battle—thus t' induce
Some way-worn traveller who paſs'd above,
To ſtreach his head beyond the bridges verge,
And lean him forward o'er the vaſt profound
In order to behold the immagined combat:
While ſome vile thing of thy miſchievous race
Stood, on the watch above, to puſh him down
And daſh to duſt the hapleſs mortal's frame.

Hybla. O horrible. Moſt horrible.

Jelem. And would have done ſo, Hybla, had not chance,—
Forgive me Heaven! 'twas providence divine
Caus'd one, whoever would promote thy virtue,
To paſs that way and ſave the man from ruin.
Yet ſuch, I bluſh to ſay't, is thine aſſociate.

Hybla. O ſenſe of ſhame! to me unfelt before.

Jelem. Each gloomy night would witneſs ſome dark deed,
Deſtructive to the life of man or beaſt;
Perform'd by ſome of this ſatanic crew,
At Niagara's dreadful cataract,
Or elſewhere, pregnant with the means of death,
If not prevented by the hand of virtue.
Hence to that cavern where thy ſinful race,
Are ſhut from light, nor thence preſume to move
Till call'd to duty, by the voice of goodneſs.

[*Exit Offa.*

Hybla. Jelemmo pardon me, my ſecret ſoul
Is ſorely griev'd to have offended thee.

[*Enter Veſperia.*

Gentle Veſperia intercede for me.

Veſp. That cannot be—Hybla has acted wrong.
I cannot intercede, ſo ſoon, for error:
I feel I ſhould not do as thou haſt done.
Since Allegania rear'd her hoary head,
And ſwell'd beyond the humid clouds this rock,
On whoſe expanded top yon fair pavilion,
Americana's fav'rite ſeat is built;
Here have I dwelt; nor ever wiſh'd to ſee
A ſon of Adams's race, nor own a joy
Beyond my gracious chief's approving ſmile,
And the bleſt converſe of the virtuous ſpirits
Who grace her dwelling——once that ſinful race
Have never lift an eye to me—well may'ſt thou bluſh.

Hybla. Veſperia, know, I loath that vicious race;
I uſed him as an inſtrument to lure
The mortal nearer, that is all my crime.

Jelem. Had ſhe her will ſhe'd forfeit every joy
Her happy immortality affords;
To rove erroneous thro' the winding ways,

Light headed novelty with giddy hand
Points out to mortals in yon world below.

Hybla. Were I poſſeſs'd of virtue and of ſtrength,
Like thee Jelemmo—thee illuſtrious ſpirit!
Like thee found worthy of ſome high command,
To cut the yielding air with ardent wings
On ſome great embaſſy to diſtant ſtates;
One ſingle tour would gratify my ſoul,
And I would reſt content forever more.

Veſp. Her gentle ſorrows touch me to the ſoul.
Hybla is generous, my heavenly friend,
And tho' her mind be ſomewhat prone to error;
That error ſprings not from the love of vice——

Hybla. From love of vice!——the Great Supreme forbid!

Veſp. But from a certain—— (*pauſing*) recollection fails me:
But I remember to have heard thee name it:
A certain vice, ſaid'ſt thou, or rather weakneſs,
Which, from the ſins of woman, Eve, deſcended
To all her progeny of female kind.
I think thou called'ſt it———

Jelem. Curioſity?

Veſp. I now remember well. But why our Hybla
Should thus progreſs, in ſuch abundant meaſure,
This right peculiar, ancient as the world,
This legacy of Eve to all her daughters,
To me is quite incomprehenſible.

Hybla. And is it ſtrange if I ſhould wiſh to view
At nearer diſtance yon reſplendent cities;
Which northward lift their glittering ſpires to grace
The beams of morn——when, O! amazing change!
I caſt a ſhort and retroſpective glance
On fleeting time——there all was waſte and wild!

Jelem. Look yonder Hybla; ſee what thou haſt done;

Lo! yon poor mortal wipes his wrinkled brow;
Faint with fatigue, and gaſping quick and bent
Beneath the weight of three ſcore years and ten;
Yet thou, O cruel nymph! haſt lur'd him hither!
Virtuous Veſperia, take that ſiren hence.

Hybla. And muſt I go?—the mortal now ſo near:
Think, O Veſperia! that I never ſaw
A ſon of Adam e're this bleſſed morn.

Veſp. It muſt be ſo. Jelemmo waves us hence.
Be calm my Hybla, and be thankful too,
That diſappointment is thy only puniſhment.

Veſperia leads off Hybla, who caſts a reluctant look behind her towards the oppoſite ſide——Jelemmo retires toward the bottom of the ſtage, then

Enters Muſidorus.

Muſi. What charm hath drawn my weary limbs thus far?
Aſſur'd am I, full well I've heard a voice,
As various and as ſweet—O far more ſweet
Than the Virginian nightingale herſelf.
Where am I now?——aſtoniſhing extent!
Sublimely boundleſs and amazing proſpect!
This is the very pinnacle of Allegania;
And yonder ſhining object is the vane.
What can it be?——ha! do mine eyes deceive me?
A Temple! a pavilion in this place?
This place n'er trodden by the foot of man!
But hold—I muſt not at this diſtance truſt
Theſe dim old eyes, ſo apt, alaſs! to err.

As Muſidorus is going out, he is intercepted by Jelemmo, who ſtands before him—Muſi. ſtarts.

Jelem. Hold thine obtruſive ſtep, too venturous man!
Nor dare to enter yon forbidden bounds.

Muſi. Amazement chills me; revits me to this ſpot.

Jelem. I pity thy confuſion, ſon of Adam.

Muſi. Almighty power! whoſe wonder-working hand,
Doth guide the ſprings of univerſal nature,
Look down and ſave me in this awful hour.

Jelem. Call back affrighted reaſon, ſon of man;
Nor let her for one momentary ſhock
Sink from her throne: collect her ſcattered rays
Around thy mind, and fortify thy ſoul.

[*Approaching him.*

Muſi. O 'tis enchantment all!——approach me not.

[*Drawing back.*

By Heaven I adjure thee, touch not me.

Jelem. In grave philoſophy's ſecluded cell
Long haſt thou lived, and long her precepts learn'd;
Now let me ſee that thou haſt not forgot
Her ſacred lectures, gentle Muſidorus.

Muſi. My name clear Heaven!——but ſure I ſleep and dream.

Jelem. Reflect, a moment, venerable friend!
E're twice ten times yon glorious ſource of light
Performs his annual round, that thou thyſelf
Wilt be like me an unembodied ſpirit:
This thou may'ſt do; nor antedate thy fate.
Had'ſt thou a friend whom thou wert wont to ſee
Weeping and robed in penitential weeds;
Who when his days of mourning were expired;
When heaven-ſhed grace poſſeſs'd his joyful ſoul;
Wouldſt thou be ſhock'd to ſee that friend aſſume
An air ſerene and wear a gayer robe?
What elſe is immortality——to virtue?

Muſi. Let me implore thy pardon while I own—
Not all thy amiable condeſcenſion,
Not all this goodneſs moſt ineffable,
Not all theſe charms which grace thy form divine,

Nor this ſoft pity in thine heavenly eyes,
Can calm, as yet, the terrors of my ſoul.
But I will try to overcome my fears;
If I ſucceed not, pity me, fair ſpirits!
Then, moſt incomparable creature, ſay
Who, and what art thou?——Gracious being, pardon.

Jelem. When Lucifer, the firſt of ſinners, fell;
The dark arch-traitor with the helliſh hoſt,
Of all that rais'd an impious arm againſt
Heaven's awful throne fled, ſhrieking, cloſe purſu'd
By roaring ſulphurous ſheets of liquid fire;
Compar'd to whoſe extent yon wide Atlantic
Is but a ſtream fed by an icicle,
Depending from thy ſolitary cot.
Others leſs culpable are condemn'd to dwell
Within this globe's contracted atmoſphere;
Where multitudes innumerable glide
Inviſible, impalpable to man,
The youngeſt ſon; not leaſt beloved of heaven.
Theſe are thus condemn'd for having dar'd,
Barely to taſte the fatal cup of ſin;
Altho' they daſh'd the poiſonous dregs away;
Yet ere they were aware; alas, they erred:
The curſt effluvia, from the infernal bowl
Caſt a fowl ſtain all o'er their heavenly forms:
But when remorſe hath waſhed their ſtains away,
Gladly they wait the moſt ſublime commands
Of purer beings ſtill, who've almoſt gained
Primeval virtue.

Musi. Have theſe likewiſe erred?

Jelem. Moſt dreadfully, my venerable friend!
They looked on ſin.

Musi. Heaven ſheld me! only looked!

Jelem. Altho' they did not ſmile, they did not frown.

Musi. Virtue divine, how eaſily thou'rt wounded!

Jelem. The ſmalleſt point, the thineſt ſhade of error,
Was from thoſe delicately pure abodes,
On that tremendous day, expung'd and ſwept.

Musi. Yet will I dare to caſt a hope that way.

Jelem. Of theſe laſt mentioned, almoſt ſpotleſs ſpirits;
Some preſide o'er kingdoms, o'er republics,
O'er every kind of government on earth;
And influence, by means to men unknown,
The movements of that realm o'er which they ſoar;
By omnipotent power alone controll'd:
And on the cares, the deligence, the virtues,
Or on their oppoſites in theſe great genii,
The miſery or bliſs of man depends.
Others have more entenſive taſks aſſign'd them:
Or to eſcort ſome wild unruly comet
To error prone, to drive her quickly round
The curve acute of her eccentric path;
Leſt, frantic with intolerable heat,
She dart beyond the ſun's attractive power:
Or to attend ſome planet on her way,
And through her path eliptical, or round,
Incline her axis to th' exact degree,
By the Great Architect of all ordain'd;
To yield the ſweet viciſſitude of ſeaſons;
Of days, of nights; while through the annual ring
They ſing inceſſant praiſe, and humbly wait
'Till the great work appointed them be o'er;
Which will not be—alas! which will not be,
'Till nature is diſſolv'd, 'till time's no more.

Musi. How vaſt the diſtance, inconceivable
The great gradation from ſuch beings ſublime,
Down to the ſons of Adam, weak mankind!

Jelem. Yet man though weak, indeed, tho' vile as weak,
Is yet more precious in th'all-ſeeing eye,

Than all theſe mighty ſpirits, all theſe worlds;
Theſe, tho' wondrous all, coſt but a thought;
But man——*(pauſing)*

Musi. Can man more precious be than all?

Jelem. Not for his goodneſs.

Musi. O no, alas for him!

Jelem. But the price he coſt.

Musi. Awful truth.

Jelem. Lift up thine eyes, behold yon oval field,
Which nearly covers this extenſive rock;
In whoſe fair focus yonder bright pavilion,
Points this huge ſwell, which terminates the crown
Of venerable Allegany.

Musi. Heavens!
My admiring eyes would never, never tire,
With that enchanting, that edentine ſcene!

Jelem. Within yon bounds, thou ſeeſt inveſted round
With ever flowering ſhrubs, place not thy foot;
For ſhould'ſt thou ſo, I know not the event.
Around the encloſure thoſe may'ſt fearleſs tread,
If fearleſs thou canſt tread amid the bands
Of ſylphs, of elves, of nimble footed nymphs;
Who pitch their ſnowy tents around the lawn;
While lower down the rock, in caves and dens,
The vicious bands of griſtly goblins lurk.

Musi. What do I hear? O my aſtoniſh'd ſoul!

Jelem. Thy wonder muſt ſubſide in ſome degree,
If thou reflect on what I juſt have told thee:
That ev'ry ſtate and empire of this globe
Is govern'd by ſome great and powerful ſpirit,
Subordinate to heaven's control alone.
This ſublime rank Americana holds,
As the reward of her ſuperior virtues.

Since Nature, juſt created, bleſt the earth
With her firſt ſmile, in yonder ſacred pavilion,
Our chief has dwelt; and if ſhe ever erred,
'Twas thro' impatience at the ſlow approach
Of ſoft civilization—bounteous commerce,
And liberty and independent empire.
Oft, when the glorious ſource of grateful day
With riſing ray pervades yon roſeat bowers,
The bright Americana iſſues forth;
And from theſe towering battlements extends
Her raptur'd view to diſtances unknown
To mortal eyes, and daily joys to ſee,
Nature, ſo long a ſavage, lay aſide
Her Indian garb—ſo hideous, ſo uncouth;
And hourly adding to her charms divine,
Some graceful ornament, prepar'd by love,
Procur'd from induſtry and taſte refin'd.

Musi. Ah! what are theſe (*looking out*) my gracious friend protect me!
Thou wert my terror once; but now my refuge.

[*Going to Jelemmo—they both retire to the bottom of the ſtage.*

Enter Veſperia and Arianthus.

Jelem. Art thou afraid of virtue's ſelf?

Musi. Oh——no.

Jelem. Then fear not yon fair forms.

Musi. Fountain of Mercy! what will be the event.

Vesp. This is the ſpot to which we're wont to call
Our bands to duty——lo ye there, our friend,

[*Pointing to Jelem.*

And one of that moſt celebrated race
Call'd man!—but wherefore does the mortal tremble?

Arian. Perhaps he fears us both, my charming friend;
For ſilly mortals ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt,
If they ſuppoſe an immaterial being

Be near them; tho' they may not ſee his ſhape;
But he now ſees us and his fears redouble.

Veſp. Now that is ſtrange, in truth 'tis very ſtrange!
Oft have I roved among the woods below,
Attended by the nymphs and mountain ſylphs:
Tygers and panthers, ruſhing from their dens,
Laſhed their long bodies with their griſtly tails,
And gambol'd round us, while we ſat and ſang;
Yet beaſts are mortals too, as I have heard.

Arian. But men have reaſon—Reaſon makes them cowards.

Veſp. Inexplicable that—— Can he fear me?
Would ſome ſuperior power give me ſtrength
To fly to Saturn's Ring, and back again
In one ſhort hour; not for that mighty boon
Would I, againſt him, lift the hand of harm.
Afraid of me!—One might be half offended.

Arian. Perhaps it is old age that cauſes this.

Veſp. Is the poor mortal old?

Arian. Fourſcore at leaſt.

Veſp. But fourſcore centuries and ſhake with age!

Arian. Centuries! O no, my heavenly friend,
Fourſcore ſuch periods as this globe requires
To trace her orbit, once, around the Sun.

Veſp. Are theſe ſtrange creatures old at four ſcore years then?

Arian. The number which attains that age is ſmall.

Veſp. Is this that boaſted race, ſo fierce, ſo haughty
So anxious for renown, and deathleſs honour?
Mighty Ephemera! immortal Papilio!
And wiſe as long-lived!—prodigal of fame
To him, o'er all, who hath promoted beſt,
The thouſand arts of ſhortning that poor ſpan

Of time, which parſimonious nature gave thee!
So ſkilled in every art to ſhorten life.
So ignorant of each effectual mean,
T'extend the ſcanty portion of thy days!

Jelem. Doſt thou hear that my friend.
[*Aſide to Musi.*

Musi. Much more—I feel it.

Veſp. Poor inſects of a day——I——pity them.
Forgive me Heaven! I had almoſt ſaid,
That I——But of this ſtrange, ſtrange race, no more.
E'er changing dawn throws off her ſober robe,
Of decent grey, to deck her lovely breaſt
With th' Oriental gems of brighterday,
Let us my gentle Arianthus call
Our ſprightly bands to duty.

Arian. Fair Veſperia!
My band of Goblins is but thin to-day,
To what it's wont to be; for yeſternight
The virtuous Haloe took a party down,
To ſtation them among ſome dangerous rocks
Near the ſea ſhore, in order to protect
Such veſſels as may chance to be in danger
In the enſuing tempeſt.

Veſp. They! the horrid fiends
Will do more miſchief than the worſt of tempeſts.

Ariant. Not when inſpected by the virtuous Haloe.

Veſp. My band of nimble mountain nymphs and elves
Is much diminiſhed, too, this charming morn:
The graceful Miro and fair Luciabel
With a large hoſt departed yeſternight
To try t'extinguiſh a vaſt conflagration
Which threaten'd ſome far northern town with ruin.

Ariant. Begin, and call the few we've left together.

1st. INCANTATION.

Veſp. Domeſtic ſpirits, liſt to me,
Ye nymphs ſo full of mirth and glee,
Who haunt the Allaganian hills,
Sporting 'midſt the grots and rills;
Sol is riſing, come away,
Begin the buſineſs of the day.
Go, pluck the faireſt flow'rs that grow,
Mid ſprigs of myrtle let them glow:
Long wreaths compoſ'd—around the hall
In graceful feſtoons let them fall.
Sporting 'midſt the grots and rills;
Sol is riſing, come away,
Begin the buſineſs of the day.
Go pluck the faireſt flow'rs that grow,
Mid ſprigs of myrtle let them glow:
Long wreaths compos'd——around the hall
In graceful feſtoons let them fall.
Each roſe that loſt her bloomy pride
That roſe caſt down the mountain's ſide;
Nor withered flower, nor blaſted blade
Shall e'er diſgrace that ſacred ſhade;
Nor mortal th.. g that lives by breath
Shall paſs yon bounds on pain of death.

Enter Tintoretta, followed by ſeveral mountain nymphs.

Tintor. I'll anſwer for the num'rous band,
The work's accompliſh'd out of hand;
See! fair Veſperia, there they ſtand, [*pointing.*
Hark! hark! they cry, it ſhall be done,
E'er eye can wink it ſhall be done,
We're juſt on tiptoe to be gone!

Chorus of Nymphs.

We're juſt on tiptoe to be gone—
Juſt, &c. &c.——[*nymphs dance and vaniſh.*]

2nd INCANTATION.

Vesp. Ye sylphs and sylphids, elves and faries,
Leave your wanton, wild vagaries,
Quickly gain the plains below
Where tuberoses languid grow,
Where honey-suckles lowly creep,
And from beneath their foliage peep;
There lovely humming birds display
Their feathery gems to grace the day:
Let every sylphid gently seize
One beauteous prize, and by degrees
Pluck painted plumes of green, of blue,
Of ruby-red, of golden hue;
The tufts which each fair head adorn,
Which shame the pencil of the morn
Spare not; but when you've served them so,
Let every lovely sufferer go.
Sort from the dark the shining plumes,
And weave them in your golden looms,
Let every light, and every shade,
Seem by the hand of nature made;
The glossy tufts in tossels bound
Must fringe the mantle all around:
Thus splendid robes you must prepare
Fit for Americana's wear.
Then catch the ravens in your toils,
Load with these varigated spoils
Their sable backs. Bid them arise
And hither bear the glorious prize,
But let them not one moment stay,
And drive them from these bounds away:
No mortal thing that lives by breath,
Shall pass yon bounds on pain of death.

Enter Hybla, followed by several sylphs and fairies.

Hybla. I'll answer for the numerous band,
The work's accomplished out of hand;
See! fair Vesperia! there they stand.

Hark, hark, they cry it ſhall be done,
E'er eye can wink it ſhall be done,
We're juſt on tiptoe to be gone!

Chorus. We're juſt on tiptoe to be gone. [*Dance.*
Juſt, &c. &c. &c. [*Vaniſh.*

3rd. INCANTATION.

Arian. Ye goblins bold and full of vigor,
Seize each a panther, bear, or tyger:
See! thouſands round this rock are prowling;
Hark! thouſands in their dens are growling;
Or hoarſely roaring far and wide;
Ye goblins! tame their ſavage pride.
Hence ride them to yon chryſtal lake,
Fed by yon cataracts that break,
Impetuous, roaring o'er the head
Of ragged rocks, whoſe ſolid bed,
Is ſolid gold: the ſparkling ſand,
Forc'd from the mine bedecks the ſtrand
In ſparkling furrows, unexplored,
As yet, by man, the world's proud lord:
No mortal for baſe lucre's ſake
Shall e'er diſturb that peaceful lake.
Of glittering grain take each a load,
And up th' aſcent the monſters goad;
And ſtrew with golden ſands the grove
Where Americana loves to rove;
But when they've dropt their yellow freight
Hurry them down the mountain ſtraight;
No mortal thing that lives by breath,
Shall there remain on pain of death.

Enter Offa, followed by ſeveral other goblin's, all making a monſtrous appearance; at ſight of whom, Muſidorus utters a ſhriek of horror; flies to Jelemmo, and covers his eyes with his hands—Jelemmo, in dumb ſhew, endeavors to encourage him.

Offa. I'll anſwer for the numerous band
The work's accompliſhed out of hand ;
See ! Arianthus ! there they ſtand.
Hark, hark, they cry it ſhall be done
We're juſt on tiptoe to be gone.
Chorus. We're juſt, &c. &c. &c. [*Dance and vaniſh.*
Musi. Are they gone ?——May I look around me.
[*looking at Jelem.*
O tell me if theſe monſters be not gone,
That in thy friendly boſom I may hide
My aching eyes—leſt madneſs ſeize upon me.

Jelem. And are the ſons of men, indeed, thus weak ?
Look up, my friend, look round thee, be compos'd.

Musi. Amaſing contraſt ! wondrous power of beauty !
After ſuch objects, how the ſight of you,
[*viewing the three Genii.*
Heals my poor eyes, and calms my affrighted ſoul.
O ! my friend, my aſtoniſh'd mind is ſtrain'd
To ſuch a pitch of infinite amazement,
That much I fear ſome intellectual ruin.

Arian. The chief of genii, gentle Jelemmo,
Well knows and loves this venerable man.
Yes, happy Muſidorus ! but this hour
I've heard her ſay, that oft unſeen by thee,
She hath paſt by thy ſolitary cot ;
Oft ſeen thee kneeling at thine humble porch
With heart uplifted, and with eyes caſt down
Before the awful majeſty of heaven :
And oft ſhe joined thee in thy pious oraſons.
She knows that thou haſt many years withdrawn
Thyſelf from all the buſy haunts of men ;
And that thou'rt ignorant of all that heaven
Hath for thy country done——ſhe deems it juſt
To ſhew thee now that wond'rous revolution,
Which during thy retirement from the world,

Hath happened in theſe ſtates: which, from a few
Oppreſs'd, long-ſcorn'd, and obſcure provinces,
Compoſe, this moment—ſoul-dilating thought!
A SOVEREIGN, FREE AND INDEPENDENT EMPIRE.†

Jelem. Speechleſs with joy the good man lifts his eyes,
Streaming with tears of gratitude to heaven.

Arian. The great Americana now commands
Her willing ſervants to perform a MASQUE;
More for thine information than amuſement.
Each ſcene ſhall prove a thin tranſparent veil
Of *allegory*: thro' which veil thou'lt view
The moſt important events, in the riſe,
The progreſs, and the glorious termination
Of that dire war, which fill'd thy native land
With blood and deſolation. [*Exit Arian.*

Veſp. Thou may'ſt ſee
The homage paid to virtue in thy perſon:
Virtue with the genius of America,
Alone can meet reſpect, can meet reward.
To thee alone, then of the ſon's of men,
The unembodied world ſhall be diſplay'd.
Retire bleſt man to yonder moſſy rock,
Which over looks the flowry lawn before
The pavilion of our immortal chief:
From thence thou'lt ſee what paſſes all around:
But ſhun, as thou would'ſt ſhun the dart of death,
The ſacred theatre where we perform;
Yon lawn I mean—touch not its fatal bounds;
For ſon of Adam! if thou doſt thou'rt loſt.

[*Exit Veſp.*

† Although this *maſque*, as before hinted, was written during the war, yet the author ventured this prediction, under the pleaſing hope of ſeeing it ſhortly verified.

Jelem. A nymph as lovely as the riſing day,
Shall repreſent the genius of America :
Another nymph, full as the former fair,
Shall repreſent ſweet Elutheria's perſon—
The genius ſhe of genuine liberty.
And when thou hear'ſt Americana ſpeak,
Think that thou hear'ſt the voice of this vaſt empire.
From lovely Elutheria thou ſhalt hear,
The ever venerated voice of freedom !
From cruel Typhon and the ſtern Faſtidio
Thou'lt hear the words of tyranny and pride,
The deadly foes of heaven-born Elutheria.
Now e're we part attend my laſt advice.
Shouldſt thou return to the buſy haunts of men
And ſpeak of what thou'ſt ſeen, and ſtill may'ſt ſee;
Call it a reverie, a waking dream—
A viſion elſe, or any epithet
Thy fertile fancy may dictate to thee ;
And doubtleſs ſuch it will appear to all
The ſons of modern men, thyſelf except ;
Nay, for thy ſake, I would it may appear
To thee thyſelf, the gay hallucinations
Of a too active, too prolific brain :
Why I wiſh ſo I deem it meet to tell thee :
If, then, unhappily thou ſhould'ſt retain
A knowledge of the way which hither leads,
And to thy friend ſhould point this ſacred Rock ;
Now mark me well—beſeech thee mark me well ;
By every power that wings the liquid ſky,
Thy friend and thy bold ſelf ſhall ſurely die !

[*Exit Jelemmo.*

Muſi. Stand I on earth, or air, or rolling ſeas ?
Is it morning, noontide hour, or midnight ?
It muſt be——no——I feel, I breathe,——I live !
O what a torrent of aſtoniſhment o'erwhelms me !
Tell me my ſoul, thou ſpark of heavenly flame!
Art thou enſhrined within a mortal frame ?

Or, haſt thou, wearied of thy caſe of clay,
Without one previous ſtruggle flown away
Tow'rd the bright regions of eternal day?
And in thy road to bliſs haſt halted here
To reſt, e're thou could'ſt reach ſome higher ſphere?
If ſo, what means this heavineſs of years,
This palpitating heart, theſe cauſeleſs tears,
This ſtrange compound I feel of joys and mortal fears?
Yet, whatſo'er thy ſtate, reſt thy defence
On th' Omnipotent arm of providence;
And, next to that, on thine own innocence.
Yes! guiltleſs ſoul! let nothing thee appal;
Where e'er thou ſtand'ſt on this terraqueous ball,
Thou'rt ſtill within the care of him who governs all.

[*Exit Muſidorus.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—The lawn before the pavilion is ſeen in diſtant perſpective. The ſides of the ſtage repreſenting flowering ſhrubs and arbors.

During the remainder of the performance, Muſidorus is ſuppoſed to be looking on, ſituated as directed by the genii, in the preceding act.

Enter Arianthus and Jelemmo, meeting.

Arian. TWO ſublime gueſts Jelemmo may expect
To greet ſome moments hence: but yet what rank
The ſtrangers claim, what golden link they grace
In our immortal natures ſacred chain,
I'm ſtill to learn.

Jelem. When, my gentle friend,
Didſt thou theſe unknown beings firſt deſcry?

Arian. When fair Veſperia and myſelf diſmiſs'd
Our ſprightly bands to the green meads below,
We ſprang aloft and gain'd the utmoſt height
Of yonder cliff, as we are often pleas'd
To view the nymphs and ſylphids antic ſports.
The fleecy clouds ſpread floating far below
Like the wide ocean——down we turn'd our eyes,
And gladly ſaw the low hung vapours part,
As if to give the charming ſcene beneath;
Where fairy elves innumerable, chaſed
The lovely humming-bird from flower to flower;
Or boldly run them down, or ſlily hid
Beneath the umbrage of a full-blown roſe,
To catch the lovely flutterer while he ſipt
The odorous ſweets—while o'er the mountain's ſide,
The hardy goblins roaring tigers ſeize
Faſt by their tawny manes; then lightly vaulting,
Cling fearleſs to their panting ſides and daſh

The howling monſters down the dreadful precipice;
While poiſonous ſerpents turn their rattling tails,
And hiſſing fled for fear.

Jelem. Pernicious reptiles!
To Adam's wretched race the deadlieſt foes;
Except the falſe embrace of love that's hired,
Or hollow hearted friendſhip.

Arian. Then turning eaſt,
Beheld the glorious lamp of early day,
Serenely riſe behind an ample cloud;
Condens'd, and Opaque; its empurpl'd ſkirts
Fring'd with etherial gold; ſolemn and ſlow
It mov'd along, and on its ſable top,
Majeſtically ſat two forms divine;
But, O! what tongue can ſpeak their wondrous charms!

Jelem. Hadſt thou a ſeraph's eloquence, my friend,
Thou couldſt not do them juſtice!—lo ye! now
The cloud hath reach'd the ſummit of the mount.

Arian. The guardian genii of ſome far diſtant empire
Perhaps are they; and in this weſtern world
Are now arriv'd, to hail the riſing glories
Of our immortal chief, Americana.
Behold each graceful, waves a ſnow white hand,
Inviting our approach——Jelemmo, go.

Jelem. 'Till now my ſoul ne'er felt ſuch conſcious awe.
Exquiſite beauty! how ſhall I addreſs
In language equal to the awe I feel
Two beings thus tranſcendently divine. [*Exit.*

Enter Veſperia.

Veſp. Tell me, my Arianthus, knoweſt thou theſe?
Haſt thou e'er ſeen ſuch dazzling perfection?
Of all ſublunar beings they're moſt divine!

Perhaps appointed by the Great Supreme,
As eminently perfect, they preſide
O'er mundane good, and univerſal virtue.
Who can you be? incomparable pair!

Arian. From climes European they're doubtleſs come.
Some unknown being whiſpers to my mind,
That grand events attend on this great day.
What canſt thou mean, O my prophetic ſoul!
Why doſt thou call this hour an hour of joy;
Succeeded by full many ſtormy years;
And theſe by ages of unrivalled glory?

Veſp. How awful is the aſpect of my friend.
Feel'ſt thou the gift of propheſy?

Arian. I do.

Veſp. Here comes our dear Jelemmo on the wing;
Behold, my friend, what tranſport in his air!

Enter Jelemmo.

Jelem. Joy in our immortality, my friends!
For were we mortal we muſt die with rapture.

Veſp. What moves my friend to this acceſs of joy?

Jelem. Behold yon heavenly fair whoſe charms divine
Caught our admiring ſouls; in her you view
The heav'n born genius of immortal liberty—
The emminently lovely Elutheria!

Veſp. Elutheria!

Jelem. Yes heaven-appointed, here ſhe's bent her flight,
Attended by that other gracious being,
Who ſits beſide her.

Veſp. But, my friend—her name?

Jelem. The genius ſhe of France:
The glorious Galiana, who preſides

O'er Galia's poliſh'd Realms.

Veſp. Galiana!

Jelem. Nor will they place a ſacred foot on earth
Till they behold Americana's arms
Extended to receive them.

Arian. O what wing
Is fleet enough to bear the glorious tidings.

Jelem. Thine, my Arianthus, thine ſhall bear
Theſe tidings to the great Americana.
Anxious herſelf, and her immortal band,
The thirteen guardian genii of theſe ſtates,
Extend their wings o'er yon devoted city—
Ill-fated Boſton, from whoſe ſpacious port
The hoſtile fleet of England turns away
The TIDE of COMMERCE; there high pois'd in air
Americana ſpreads her quivering wing;
She looks below on the late peaceful plains,
And ſees them ſwarming, red with England's troops;
She looks aloft and ſees the ruling genius
Of Britain's Iſle, th' obdurate Britannia,
And her ſtern legions roaring o'er her head,
Prepar'd to dart upon her.

Veſp. Dreadful thought!
Prithee my gentle friend indulge it not:
Terror and diſmay invade my ſoul
At the dire proſpect of opproaching war.

Jelem. Adieu, thou true American! adieu.
[*To Arian.*

Veſp. Now, now my Arianthus, try thy wing.

Veſperia ſings.

RECITATIVE.

Behold yon eagle ſoaring high
Amid the golden beams of day!
Now down he turns his piercing eye,
Now darts upon his helpleſs prey:

Thus nimbly through the liquid ſky,
Nay nimbler ſtill, fair ſpirit, fly.

AIR.

No longer delay; come, come ſpring away!
And leave the dull breezes behind;
And if thou'rt ſo fleet young zephyrs to beat,
Then beat old bluſtering wind; [*Exit Arian.*

Jelem. The dear enthuſiaſt! ſee with what a bound
He ſprings aloft to bear the glorious tidings,
That charming Elutheria hath forſaken
The Britiſh ſhores; that ſhe this moment waits
To ruſh into Americana's arms.
Ye ſons of miſery, from pole to pole,
Hear him declare that this your peaceful aſylum
Is ever to be bleſs'd by her abode.

Veſp. Behold, my friend! ſee Arianthus turns
His ardent wing, and this way back again
Directs his flight.

Jelem. But wherefore does he ſo?
And now he gains the ſummit of the rock.
The ſhafts of heaven alone can match his ſpeed!
He comes! he's here!—but why, my Arianthus?

Enter Arianthus—haſtily.

Arian. She comes, my friends! Americana comes!

Veſp. O my ſoul! O unexpected bliſs!

Arian. Lift up my friends, your teleſcopic eyes,
And tell me if your faithful memories,
Preſent you aught beneath the ſtars to match
Yon bright appearance ſhooting from the north.

Veſp. The diſtance vaſt indeed!—to me it ſeems
The matchleſs phœnix, bending towards the ſouth
Her ſolitary wing; to build beneath
Th' equatorial line her fragrant neſt,
To burn and die—while following far behind,

The amourous eagles ſtrive to overtake
The ſelf devoted fair.

Jelem. If at this diſtance,
Theſe optics I may truſt; in that bright phœnix
We ſhall behold the genius of America;
And in thoſe eagles, her immortal train,
The thirteen guardian genii of theſe ſtates,
Whom ſhe outſtrips, as lightning leaves behind
The weary winds.

Veſp. 'Tis ſhe, my friend, 'tis ſhe!
Aſtoniſhing velocity! but now ſhe ſeems
Small as ſome ſhooting meteor of the night;
And now; ſuch is her order! e'en her robes,
BLUE as the firmament, methinks I ſee
Fluttering behind her.

Arian. Mark how ſhe fervent wings her trackleſs way
Towards the dark boſom of yon pitchy cloud;
Wide as a province, gloomy as the night,
Which ſeems to lift her vaſt unwieldy folds
As if to bar her paſſage: now ſhe plunges
Thro' the dark bowels of that envious miſt:
Now fearleſs darts along: now clears her way
Through ſtorms impriſon'd, and fermenting tempeſts.

Veſp. Immortal heroine, could'ſt thou not avoid
That hateful gloom, and glide around its ſkirts?
In ſuch dark miſts infernal ſpirits lurk:
My fainting ſoul—I ſicken at the thought.

Jelem. How could'ſt thou think, my fair, that trifling bar,
However dreadful to thy gentle thought,
Should ſtop the progreſs of Americana?
Or that ſhe'd caſt a thought on gliding round
That vapoury iſle, while younder heavenly fair,
Bright Elutheria waves her ſnowy hand
T'accelerate Americana's flight?

Give to the wind thy fears: again behold her
As lovely as the midnight moon at full,
When burſting thro' ſome dark oppoſing cloud.

Veſp. Thanks to the Great Supreme! my fears are o'er.
Behold her ſhake the ſhining drops away,
Which, in her flight thro' that dark Alembic,
Bedewed her verdure.

Jelem. Thus the graceful ſwan
Springs from the depths of yonder Cheſapeak,
And ſhakes her ſnowy pinions—now ſhe darts
An eager glance, and ſees fair freedom ſmile
High ſeated on old Allegania's top;
And now ſhe riſes to renew her flight.

Veſp. Ye powers divine, with what rapidity
She ſtreams along, and rends the ſhrieking air!

Jelem. As bodies with increas'd velocity
Advance more vig'rous toward th' attracting power,
The nearer they approach—one moment more
And ſhe is here—— } *Loud cries of joy within the*
Begone, and ſtill the voice } *ſcene.*
Of wild tumultuous joy: bid all be ſtill:
Nought but the voice of harmony divine,
Alone, muſt celebrate this great event.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene continued, viz. the unbounded ſcene of clouds.

Two chariots of clouds deſcend—in one Americana, dreſt in robes of celeſtial blue—bow and quiver of arrows depending from her ſhoulders behind—Indian helmet on her head, and on her feet Indian buſkins or mocazons—javelin in hand.

In the other car Elutheria, in robes of ſea-green, ſurrounded with a border, repreſenting the twelve conſtellations, which compoſe the zodiac—ſtaff and cap of liberty in her hand.

The godeſſes advance in front, viewing each other with looks of mutual love and admiration.

Americ. Bright emanation of the Etherial Eſſence,
Beſt gift of heaven's unerring hand—all hail!

Eluth. As o'er yon wide Atlantic toward theſe ſhores,
I bent my haſty flight, one dreadful night—
Stern tempeſt, bent on death and deſolation,
Outdid his former fury: pitying dawn
Beheld with tearful eye the hoary deep,
O'er ſpread with ſplinter'd barks and lifeleſs bodies:
A drowning wretch held faſt to one poor plank,
And toſſed from wave to wave—his lifeleſs ſoul
He ſent in piercing cries to diſtant iſles:
Quick to the ſhore I darted, and diſguis'd
Like ſome poor village maid, I rous'd from ſleep
A venerable ſhepherd: ſoon he launch'd
His little ſkiff, at hazard of his life,
And brought the fainting mariner to land.

Americ. An act well worthy charming Elutheria.

Eluth. With bliſs unſpeakable I view'd his tranſports.
Such joy as thou doſt feel, unheard, ſaid I,
Such joy my ſoul long tempeſt-toſt ſhall feel,
When I behold Americana's arms
Extended to ſupport my fainting cauſe.

Americ. In yonder vale a virtuous ſwain reſides,
Who, in his age mature, depriv'd of ſight,
As fighting in his country's ſacred cauſe,
Spent many years involv'd in midnight gloom.
I once deſcended with m' immortal train
To rove at even through the fragrant grove;
I found this warrior ſtretch'd beneath an oak,
And by his ſide his lovely partner ſat;

To her he lent a fond delighted ear,
While o'er the ſilver lute's harmonious ſtrings
Her well-taught fingers ſwept ; her ſoothing voice
Concordant grac'd each ſoft melodious lay :
Round on the flowery turf a lovely group
Of tender babes, ſat ſmiling in the face
Of each fond parent ; oft the graceful dame
Would ſtop, and with enraptured air deſcribe
Each ſportive infant to the doating ſire :
Ye powers divine, ſaid he, could I behold,
But once behold my childrens' lovely forms ;
Which, O my fate ! I never, never ſaw ;
And with their mother's charming face compare
Their tender lineaments, and then infold
Each precious pledge to my paternal heart,
How happy ſhould I be——he would have ſaid ;
Which, e'er he could expreſs, this ſacred hand,
Unſeen by all things human, ſoftly touch'd
Each ſightleſs optic ; ſtraight the good man ſaw,
All that his ſoul, long languiſh'd to behold.

Eluth. An act well worthy great Americana.

Americ. Such joy as thou doſt feel, unheard ſaid I,
Such joy my longing ſoul ſhall ſurely feel,
When I behold the charming Elutheria.

Eluth. My port of ſafety !

Americ. Solace of my eyes !

Eluth. At laſt we're met.

Americ. O may we never part ! [*Embrace.*

The moment the goddeſſes embrace, a loud burſt of muſic —enter immediately Jelemmo, Arianthus, Veſperia.

Veſperia ſings.

Veſp. The lovers of fable henceforward muſt ſtop
To boaſt every ſcene on Olympus's top :

To our Allegania, Olympus muſt yield;
Here freedom and virtue with glory's reveal'd.
Here freedom and virtue with glory's reveal'd.

Chorus——To our Allegania, &c. &c. &c.

Veſp. There luxurious deities wanton'd all day,
While delicate purity fled far away,
And deep bluſhing modeſty loathed the place—
Was Olympus e're witneſs to ſuch an embrace?
Was Olympus, &c.

Chorus——and deep bluſhing, &c. &c. &c.

Eluth. The mouldering archives of recording time
A ſacred volume holds, that ſhews the hour
Britannia firſt, how venerable then!
Exulting, claſp'd me to her faithful breaſt.
That golden page my ſacred witneſs be,
That, I, for many ages near her throne
Contented dwelt; and if I caſt a thought
Beyond her little iſle, a tender ſigh
Accompanied that thought; I pitied all;
All but Britannia, ſhe alone poſſeſs'd me.

Americ. The mourning world beſide was wrapp'd in night;
And her bleſt iſle alone illum'd by thee.
Awful Degeneracy! can I ſpeak
The dreadful change that drove me from her ſide,
My once lov'd moon-tide ſhade, my peaceful home—
And caus'd me vagabond, and long forlorn,
To ſeek ſome place of refuge? This wide world
Affords no aſylum for me, if thou,
E'en thou Americana caſt me off.

Americ. O what a thought is that——my ſick'ning ſoul
Faints at the dire idea——caſt thee off!
How couldſt thou rouſe that ſerpent in my mind;

Which ſtings me thus?

Speaking chorus. Jelem. Arian. Veſp.

Chorus. Excruciating thought!

Eluth. Then here with thee forever will I dwell,
And hand in hand, oft from this lofty rock
Toward proud Europa's ſhores we'll waft a ſigh,
And mourn her many myriads, all bereft
Of happineſs and me—but for Britannia;
Tho' highly ſeated on her ſplendid throne,
We'll drop, my friend, the ſympathetic tear.

Americ. Why for Britannia ſhed the tear of friendſhip?
Ha! what is this that wrankles at my heart?
Is this the paſſion mortals envy call?
It cannot be; ſure that infernal gloom
Can n'er pervade this ſpotleſs breaſt of mine.

Eluth. Be not alarm'd, nor deem thy ſacred ſoul,
Contaminated by the tranſient flight
Of holy jealouſy athwart thy mind:
Yes, thou art jealous, and my ſoul has joy
That thou art ſo! by yon blue heaven I ſwear,
I never will forſake thee till this hand,
This thy right hand unites the chain
That links our ſouls; and never will deſert
Thy friendly ſhores for ſtern Britannia's iſle.
No!—could ſhe crown me empreſs of the earth,
And ſend, the day ſhe crown'd me, in my port,
A ſhining bark whoſe every beam and bar,
Were ſilver ſeven times tried; whoſe lofty ſides
Were ſheath'd with pureſt gold, with rubies pinn'd,
With orient diamonds nail'd; and laden deep
With all the crowns and ſceptres of the world.

Americ. Hear her, ye heavens!

Chorus. Hear her, and applaud.

Americ. Hear her, ye Americans!

Chorus. Hear her, and rejoice.

Eluth. Yes, my immortal friend; theſe eyes beheld
That cruel queen diveſted of diſguiſe;
Beheld her lay aſide the ſpecious maſk
Of ſmiling friendſhip, which ſhe long had worn.
Yet e'er that dreadful day, my boding ſoul
Foreſaw my fate: the deareſt of my friends
Poſſeſs'd her frowns; my deadly foes her ſmiles.
And now attend whilſt I relate a tale,
Than which, one more replete with woes and horror,
Full ſure am I, ne'er ſhock'd thy ſacred ear.

Americ. To hear thee ſpeak would ſtop the haſty foot
Of pale fac'd fear, by danger cloſe purſu'd;
Till by attention ſhe forgot her terrors.

Eluth. On the broad ſummit of an ancient hill,
The mighty genius of the Britiſh iſle,
The great Britannia ſpreads her regal tents.
One day—O day to be remember'd ever!
I, thoughtleſs of the future bent my courſe
Down the green ſlope, until my devious ſteps
Conducted me to th' entrance of a cavern—
Dark, dreary, diſmal as that infernal pit,
Ordain'd by fate, for unrepenting vice.
I, tho' immortal, ſhuddered at the thought
Of venturing once within its ſtygian jaws.

Americ. Ye Powers Divine, how eminently horrible
Muſt be this hideous cavern ſhe deſcribes;
To ſtrike ſuch terrors in immortal boſoms!

Eluth. Irreſolute I ſtood, till from above,
A voice melodious ſtruck m' attentive ear;
Mine eyes upraiſing, whom did I behold?
One who among *thy* firmeſt friends, thy lovers,

And thy moſt duteous ſervants, claims a place
Within Americana's grateful heart,
As warm as love and gratitude can give.
This ever-to-be-venerated genius,
Was thy Fulmenifer, well known to fame,
For virtue and for ſcience ; but to thee,
For duty and fidelity unſhaken.

Americ. Ever, ever ſhall his matchleſs virtues,
Remain deep graven in this grateful heart;
In characters indelible by time.

Eluth. Irradiated with unuſual glory
His face ſerene appear'd, while thus he ſaid :—
" Fair Elutheria ! now the hour is come,
" To bring thy reſolutions to a point :
" Long have they been uncertain, long divergent ;
" Collect them round thee, boldly let them aim,
" At the *fair mark*, by fateſet up for thee.
" Go to yon pit, the cave of damn'd oppreſſion—
" The ſecret ſtore-houſe of the fall'n Britannia ;
" Which, when thou'ſt ſeen, of Virtue aſk advice ;
" What Virtue bids thee do, that quickly do,
" And thou ſhalt ſee me once again—farewel !"
Nor added more ; but nimbly ſhot away,
Fleet as that fatal flaſh by him ſo long controll'd.

Americ. Was it oppreſſion's necromantic den ?
Why did I wonder at thine heart-felt terrors ?

Eluth. Encourag'd thus, I boldly ventur'd on,
And down the hideous dungeon turn'd mine eyes.

Americ. Be huſh ye breezes—let me hear, and wonder.
Britannia's ſecret ſtore-houſe, ſaidſt thou not ?
Fling wide the doors, and let me ſee my fate.

Eluth. Its bottom low, that ſcar'd the diſtant day,
Was pav'd with hiſſing ſnakes and bloated toads ;
And right beneath mine eye a monſtrous creature,

Around the centre circumambient crawls :
'Twas ſpider ſhap'd but then of ſuch a ſize!
She'd cruſh thy Mammoth flat beneath her paw,
As thy vaſt Mammoth on the lizard treads !
This hell-engender'd monſter, from her throat
A viſcous juice emitted ; while her claws,
Poliſh'd and preſs'd the never-ending clue ;
Which, when conſolidated in the air,
The maſter workman of Britannia comes ;
The infuriate demon of oppreſſion. He
Snaps ſhort th' infernal web (now iron ſtrong)
In various lengths, with his enormous ſhears.
Then, plucking from his ſooty wing a quill,
Diſtilling blood, he bloody labels writes ;
And with demoniac ſatisfation grins,
Annexing one to every length of chain.
By thine emotion, my immortal friend,
Thou ſeem'ſt to know for whom they are deſign'd.

Americ. For me !—juſt heaven !—for theſe uplifted hands,
That oft were rais'd to deprecate her rage ;
For theſe long-bent, theſe ſupplicating knees,
Which often at Britannia's footſtool bowed
To implore her pity—but alas in vain !

Eluth. On the verge
Of this thrice horrible profound, I ſtood,
With palpitating heart and blaſted eyes ;
Till rous'd from this dire ſtupor of diſtreſs,
I turn'd me round, and down the verdant ſlope
Beheld Britannia haſtily approach,
Surrounded by her favourite train, compos'd
Of my moſt deadly foes : on her right hand,
The unrelenting Typhon ſtately ſtalk'd ;
Typhon, the genius of deteſted tyranny !
On her left hand, advanc'd with haughty air,
The pitileſs Faſtidio, ſpirit of pride—

Darting malignant glances on my head.

Americ. Ah what a dreadful band to haſten towards thee;
And thou ſo near oppreſſion's yawning cave.

Eluth. What doſt thou here? Britannia rudely cries,
With voice of thunder, and brow as black
As the dark cloud that wraps the burſting ſtorm.
To heaven, I rais'd one trembling hand, and one
Down towards the dreadful cavern ſadly turn'd;
And look'd, alternate, o'er the hideous gulf,
Till o'er her cheek, the crimſon tint of ſhame
Flaſh'd quick and burning. Art thou guilty then?
I mournful cried; O my valued friend,
From what a height of virtue thou art fallen!

Americ. O, Elutheria, thou dear awful maid,
My ſoul falls proſtrate at thy ſacred feet.

Eluth. Then drawing nigh the deeply bluſhing queen,
I fervent cried, for whom are theſe deſign'd?
What wretched victim to thy luſt of power
Muſt groan beneath yon cruel coil of chain?
I know Hybernia has not a limb for one—
Unhappy fair! not for another link!
Unleſs Britannia buries her in chains.
Her languid neck, her feeble helpleſs arms,
Her ſlowly moving feet, her every joint,
All! all are ſmarting with ſharp galling fetters,
Enough to grieve the moſt malicious fiend,
And make a fury heave a ſulphurous ſigh.

Americ. Not ignorant of miſery myſelf,
I long have learned to pity every woe—
Hapleſs Hibernia! thou art doom'd to bear.†

† Non ignara mali, miſeris ſucurrere diſco.

Veſperia ſings.

Veſp. With tears faſt trickling from her eyes,
That hopeleſs mourner ſadly cries,
How long Britannia wilt thou be
An unrelenting foe to me?
Her wretched ſons around her ſtand;
Begone, ſhe cries and waves her hand.
To yonder ſhores* if you'll be free,
And leave me here to miſery.

Eluth. No hand is lifted up, continued I,
To puſh aſide thine overbearing ſceptre:
Bold oppoſition ſhews not now his head,
And all confide, Britannia, in thy virtue:
All but thine own corroding ſoul is peace.
Why then theſe chains? Why then theſe hell-wrought chains?
Perhaps ſaid I (and ſhuddered at the thought)
Britannia means to rouſe her ſleeping ſubjects,
To urge on wars, to force them to oppoſe her.
Tir'd of the limits of their little iſle,
Diſguſted at her proud audacious laws,
Which dare to circumſcribe thy luſt of ſway;
Thou look'ſt *abroad*, I fear, and *hop'ſt* to find
Among thy *foreign* ſubjects that brave ſpirit
That curbs thee here——

Americ. She'll find it *here*; ſhe ſhall!
By every power that wings the fields of air!

Eluth. Of oppoſition ſure, continued I,
And likewiſe ſure that th' Americans are weak,
And ill provided to reſiſt thine arms;
Thou wilt let looſe thy bloody rav'ning wolves
Amid the feeble, half reſiſting flock;
To ſeize, to worry the defenceleſs herd;
Then rule them after as a race of ſlaves,
The rights of conqueſt brought beneath thy feet.

* America.

By heaven 'tis thy deſign ! the guilt is plain !
Thou can'ſt not ſtand my penetrating eye !
Monſtrous injuſtice !—hell-taught policy !
Unworthy queen, I'll never ſee thee more !
Said I indignant, darting up a look,
Prepar'd to ſpring, and gain my native ſkies.

Americ. Hail holy rage !

Speaking—Chorus. Auſpicious period hail !

Eluth. Speechleſs with conſcious guilt her cruel train
Stood unreſolv'd, 'till waken'd by the voice
Of fierce Britannia, who aloud exclaim'd,
Inſolent monitor ; hope not to 'ſcape
That indignation thou haſt dar'd to kindle ;
A flame, the terror of ſurrounding nations,
Is all alive, and hurrying to conſume thee !
In th' attitude of flight my robes were ſeiz'd
By pitileſs Faſtidio, ſpirit of pride ;
He held me faſt, then turning grimly round,
He vengeful cries—what, ſovereign ſhall be done,
To this baſe idol of mechanic multitudes ?

Americ. O Elutheria—O my fainting ſoul.

Speaking—Chorus. What mortals feel in th' agonies of death
Alone can match the horrors of this hour.

Eluth. Down with the traitreſs ! cried the furious queen—
Down in that cavern, her audacious eye
Hath dar'd t' explore ! her madening train exclaim'd,
Down with the traitoreſs, to the centre down !
He graſp'd me by my unreſiſting limbs,
With terror weak as helpleſs infancy ;
He held me high—prepared to plunge me down
The horrible abyſs.

Americ. Ah!——

[*Shrieks —ſinks trembling into Jelemmo's arms; the ſhriek is re-echoed behind the ſcenes, and by her attendants preſent——then ſoft muſic is heard.—Veſperia accompanies.*

Veſperia ſings.

Veſp. She ſinks with terror and ſurprize,
The light forſakes her cloſing eyes,
The roſe her lovely cheek—
Sweet mourner, triumph o'er thy woes,
Fair freedom triumphs o'er her foes,
Revive and hear her ſpeak.
Hark, hark! ſhe cries, tho' barbarous pride,
And each unpitying power beſide—
Againſt thy liberty
United join'd their impious hands;
I broke through all their iron bands,
And now I live for thee.

Americ. O Elutheria! didſt thou 'ſcape indeed?

Eluth. Juſt as he held me o'er the infernal gulf,
A ſudden burſt of thunder ſhakes the ground;
Inſtant my cruel foes turn up their eyes;
Right o'er their heads THIRTEEN bright fiery darts,
Pluck'd from the centre of a pitchy cloud,
By thy Fulmenifer's wonder working hand,
And brandiſh'd by his arm, wave brightly terrible.
The ſtream electric darts upon my foes,
And ſtrikes Fastidio with a ſhock ſo horrible,
That, were the monſter made of mortal mould,
Inevitable death had been his doom!
He ſtaggers backward from the hideous precipice,
And drops me almoſt lifeleſs at his feet:
Reluctant as the vulture quits her prey,
When ſhe beholds the watchful ſhepherd aim
His well-charg'd tube full at her cruel breaſt.
Purſued by fires my affrighted foes all fled,

And with them fled my danger and my fears.

Americ. Yes! ſhe did 'ſcape—the darling of the ſkies!
Heaven's ſweeteſt warbler ſing the happy hour!

Eluth. As on the flow'ry turf I panting lay,
Viewing Fulmenifer with thankful eyes;
He, in his cloud-form'd chariot, draws more near me,
Smiling with ſweetneſs moſt ineffable,
And beckons me to riſe—my feeble hand
I ſcarce could wave t'implore him to deſcend:
Quick as the bird, who hears her neſtlings fly,
The gracious ſpirit cuts the yielding ſky;
He ſoon my ſtreach'd out hands with rapture preſt,
And gladly folds me to his faithful breaſt;
Faſt round his ivory neck my arms I twine,
And gladly join his glowing cheek to mine;
Then like the heavenly twins we ſpring away,
Involv'd in fragrance, toward the realms of day.

Americ. O inſupportable delight! my heavenly friend,
Do not thus plunge me in the depths of woe;
Then ſnatch me thus abruptly to the height
Of the ſublimeſt bliſs my ſoul can feel:
The quick tranſition is too much to bear;
Such hopes, ſuch fears are ſtrangers to this breaſt,
And were I not immortal I were loſt!
O give me muſic to compoſe my ſoul;
Let all of mortal, and immortal nature,
Partake my joys!

Jelem. Let muſic's ſtrains divine
Sooth this ſweet tumult hitherto unfelt:
Let all of virtue in the heavens and earth
Participate Americana's joys!

[*Exeunt Jelemmo, Arianthus, Veſperia.*]

Soft muſic.

The goddeſſes ſeat themſelves in their cars which have remained all this while—an eagle baring the arms of

the United States deſcends between the cars and remains ſuſpended to the end of the act——then a ſufficient number of mountain nymphs, ſylphs, &c. &c. appears——The muſic changes; the nymphs, &c. &c. dance.

A grand enthuſiaſtic ballad.

This continues until Americana waves her hand, then they all vaniſh.

Enter Arianthus.

This moment, on the top of yonder rock,
The *thirteen* influencing genii reſt;
And there they wait Americana's leave
To throw themſelves at Elutheria's feet.

Americ. Bleſſed be thou *(both coming forward.)*
And bleſſed be thy tidings!
My worthy friend; my gentle Arianthus!
Bid them attend us in the hall of Union.
Thither we go, immediately to join them.

[*Exit Arianthus.*

Yes!——
They come to ſwear by Elutheria's charms,
That they will guard her from Britannia's rage;
And from the malice of the cruel Typhon.
O what a glorious ſcene my fancy paints!
Methinks I hear the ſorrowing world inquire,
Where freedom reigns? Where Elutheria dwells?
The ſorrowing world beholds thee by my ſide,
On this fair mount, and o'er my happy head,
Thy heaven-wrought banner ſporting in the air.
No more they mourn; they wipe their tears away,
While ocean ſmooths his breaſt, and ſafely bears
The joyful miriads to thy ſacred feet.
Tho' proud Europa's ſons, for love of thee, [*To Eluth.*
Should leave her ſhores, and haſten here to me;
Still room were left for Aſia's wretched bands
To cultivate in peace yon boundleſs lands.

The god of day, when o'er my realms he's run,
Knows his diurnal taſk will ſoon be done,
The ſtrongeſt winds are weary e'er they've flown—
Stupendous flight! o'er regions yet unknown.
Come then, ye ſons of ſorrow, come along!
And blend three quarters of the world in one.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—the former continued, viz. the unbounded proſpect—darkneſs, thunder—two black clouds deſcend—flaſhes of lightning emitted from them—opening, they diſcover Typhon, genius of tyranny, and Faſtidio, genius of pride.

Typhon. 'TIS not to loll recumbent on a couch
Of fleecy clouds, and ſip the pureſt air;
'Tis not to glide to oriental climes,
To meet the ſource of gaudy day's upriſe,
And make quaint diſſertations on his beams;
And then, with formal hymns and ſlaviſh praiſe,
Thank the Great Hand that form'd the uſeful whole;
(Uſeful to man's deteſted upſtart race;
But odious to us, and baneful in our eyes)
'Twas not for theſe, or thoſe we left the ſhores
Of endleſs night; hear this O earth and tremble!
But for confuſion, and deſtruction ſake.

Fas. When thick incorporated with the breath
Of burning peſtilence and meagre famine—
Then, earth, we ſip thy circumambient fluid:
When kings obey our hell-taught inſpirations
And ſhed whole rivers of their ſubjects' blood;
Gladly we revel in the crimſon ſtreams;
And then bright ſource of day, we bleſs thy light.
When phrenzy rages, and murder lurks unſeen.
When pale virginity, with piercing cries
Lies panting in the arms of ruffian luſt;
When fiend-like ſavages receive reward
From god-like, pious, praying potentates,
To ſpread their midnight deſolation round
The peaceful cottages of ſlumbering labour—
Then fair nocturnal queen, we bleſs thy beams.

Typhon. Long, Faſtidio, hand in hand we've rang'd

The narrow bounds of this terraqueous ball;
And much, thank hell's grim sov'reign, have we done.
Fas. Since with our powerful hand we've blotted out
The boasted grandeur of the ancient world;
May we not hope to triumph o'er the new?

Typhon. Blot from thy mind, Fastidio, every doubt.
The mighty genius of the British isle—
The great Britannia; once as just as great;
She, who so long stood firm against our wiles,
Now gladly leans towards us a list'ning ear.
What toils, Fastidio, have we not endur'd,
E'er we could bring Britannia to comply!
It wounds my pride to think that I've been forc'd
To stoop so low to gain my soul's desire:
It looks so like that crouching virtue, patience,
Which if indeed a virtue, I must own,
With some confusion, we are strangely good.
Fas. That stupid guise, the insipid mask of virtue—
Coward hypocrisy, we long have worn;
Long to Britannia look'd all innocence;
To her long seem'd her firmest friends; when then
We sigh'd, t'o'erturn herself and throne in ruin.
Yet, Typhon, think (and let the thought console us)
Of the once just Britannia's fall from virtue,
(For that we know precedes a fall from empire)
Of Elutheria banish'd by our means;
Of this destructive war, which she permits
That nation, o'er which she presides, to wage
Against their brethren. [*Thunder.*
Typhon. Mighty prince of darkness!
Why is this? Because they claim a right
Common to every corner of her empire!
Were these Americans in bondage *born*, [*Lightning.*
And saw their British brethren likewise slaves,
And wore, from childhood gradually increas'd,

Link after link a ling'ring length of chain,
It may be borne——juſt as the callow brood,
Train'd in their wiery priſon ne'er regret
The loſs of freedom, which they never knew:
[*Lightning.*
But ſeized fully fledg'd, entangled by a net,
Or by ſome crafty fowler's ſlimy twig,
And coop'd for ever in a narrow cage;
While they behold their fellows of the ſky;
The linnets, larks, and nightingales of Britain,
Free denizens of air, or blithly hop [*Lightning.*
From bough to bough, and carrol all the day!
Can men in this predicament be bleſt?
Can all their boaſted virtue make them happy.
[*Thunder.*

Fas. The moſt malicious of our friends below
Muſt own, and with congenial pleaſure grin
While he does own a fate like that ſevere. [*Thunder.*

Typhon. And muſt confeſs the glorious work is ours.
[*They embrace.*
But why didſt thou let Elutheria 'ſcape?
Thou hadſt her once faſt by the trembling limbs,
To plunge her down oppreſſion's yawning den:
Yet thou, Faſtidio, thou haſt let her 'ſcape!

Fas. Oft have I ſeen thoſe hollow cheeks of thine
Diſtended by thy peſtilential breath;
(That life-deſtroying breath that blaſts all things,
Worſe than the blaſting mildew from the ſouth)
Ready to puff the tempeſt in her face:
Yet thou, O Typhon! thou haſt let her 'ſcape!

Typhon. Oft e'er that day in which ſhe took her flight,
Some ſmall remains of fooliſh tenderneſs
Would ſeize Britannia's too relenting breaſt,

Who then would frown me from my fatal purpoſe.
[*Lightning.*
But ſoon, by hell my vengeance ſhall be gorg'd.
Each deadly pois'nous herb of the plain,
Bruis'd with the froth which iſſues from the jaws
Of the deaf adder, and the rattling ſnake,
All ſteep'd in ſtygian liquids I have drank; [*Lightning.*
Then holding long my wide diſtended throat,
O'er the wide miaſma of ſtegnant pools
I imbibed deep fetid draughts: this burning breath,
Always fatal to the life of liberty,
Is doubly fatal now. [*Thunder.*

Fas. Or I miſtake,
Or I beheld the *thirteen* guardian genii;
Who in the air reſide, and influence
The councils of all mortals in theſe ſtates.
They have, or ſoon will meet to join their powers
In the defence of Elutheria.

Typhon. Yes!
And may they obſtinately ſtill refuſe
To yield the fair enchantreſs to our power,
When we demand her in Britannia's name.
The hated race of man who dwells below,
Sway'd by the influencing ſpirits who ſtand
On lofty Allegania's wood-bound top,
As obſtinately will refuſe to grant
The ſmalleſt drop of their delicious rights,
To quench th' inſatiate ever craving thirſt
Of boundleſs power, in haughty England's king.

Fas. What follows then?

Typhon. What but eternal war!
And then, may one wide ruin o'erwhelm them all.
Britain and all! America and all!
O'er all this hated globe deſtruction fall!
Here, let us firſt cement the ſeeds of ſtrife,
Soon will they ſpring and choke the paths of life.

Methinks I ſee Americana fly
Thro' the wide regions of the liquid ſky ;
Her boſom fill'd with anguiſh and deſpair,
She tells the feather'd natives of the air
Of Elutheria raviſh'd from her ſide,
By the curſt arms of tyranny and pride.
The feather'd natives heedleſs of her pains,
She turns, and to the midnight moon complains :
The midnight moon unpitying paſſes by :
Then with loud ſhrieks ſhe fills the vaulted ſky ;
While all her vanquiſh'd ſons fly far away,
Or, ſculking from this arm, avoid the chearful day.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

They fling themſelves into their cars, which remained ſince their deſcent——they aſcend.

Scene changes ;—light reſtored.

The inſide of Americana's pavilion—a magnificent hall—wings compoſed of tranſparencies—but not yet illuminated, though ready prepared for the purpoſe—On each wing is written the name of one of the United States, in all thirteen*——by each wing ſtands a genius——livery, blue robes——wings——in hand a javelin.*

In the middle of the ſtage a large platform, aſcend by ſteps—on the top of this an altar, on the front of this the word LIBERTAS *in tranſparent characters——on the altar, a large circle of thirteen ſtars—tranſparent——behind the altar a large triangular ſcaffolding, its baſe on the ſtage floor—its ſides to be aſcended by ſteps—its top ſufficiently large to contain two perſons, and riſing higher than the top of the circle of confederation—the ſummit of this ſcaffold is ornamented by the ſtandard of the* U. S.

On the upper ſtep of the lower platform, and ſtanding at each end of the altar, are diſcovered Americana and

Elutheria ; the latter with the ſtaff and cap of liberty in her hand.

Americ. I ſee with joy the impreſſion this ſad tale
Makes on the ſouls of all my ſons around :
[*Looking round her.*
I ſee, I feel theſe marks of gratitude
Each ſhews for our good Fulmenifer's aid,
That ſo well timed aſſiſtance ! ſo ſucceſsful !
And now thou dear refiner of our ſouls,
[*To Elutheria.*
Thou who doſt plant new lights and graces here,
And elegant ſenſations—O proceed !
For I could hear thee till the ſun were blind,
And all the ſtars of heaven grew dim with age.

Eluth. High in the middle regions of the air
We ſtop'd, and turning down our eyes, beheld
The guardian genii of Europa's ſtates
Soaring beneath us : Europe's continent
Spread out like ſome extenſive map beneath.
Then turning to my friend, the good Fulmenifer,
Adieu, my deareſt friend, I ardent cried ;
Let me my deſtin'd journey now purſue,
And refuge ſeek in you conſtellar round ;
No planetary orb that twinkles there
Can uſe me worſe than yon low earth has done.
Lump of corruption ! ſlough of vice and infamy !
From the high ſummit of my lofty ſoul
I look with horror, with contempt upon thee ;
Said I, and look'd impatient to be gone.

Americ. That ball of dirt, and all her boaſted ſons,
Thoſe poor half animated grains of clay,
If they had eyes to ſee, and ſouls to feel ;
What muſt their feelings be, could they behold thee,
And view thy out ſpread wings prepar'd for flight ?

Omnes genii. O dreadful thought—the world a ſlave
to Typhon !

Eluth. Hold, Elutheria, cries my heavenly guide,
Be calm, and happineſs may ſtill be thine.
Fly to yonder moſt illuſtrious ſpirit,
The eminently glorious Galiana;
She who preſides o'er Galia's poliſh'd realms;
She knows me, loves me, conſcious of my worth,
She pours the ſecret treaſure of her ſoul
Within this breaſt of mine; and in return,
Her happineſs my faithful friendſhip crowns.
She knows my love for thee, and my deſign
To place thee where thou wilt be lov'd indeed:
To place thee in Americana's arms:
She will ſupport thee, for my ſake, againſt
Britania's hoſtile powers who ſeek thy fall.
Quit not this ſpace, but ſtay for my return:
Adieu, he cries, and ſpreads his ample wings.

Americ. O embaſſy for angels! godlike errand!
To ſeek ſupport for fallen liberty!
Amiable Galiana didſt thou hear,
And didſt thou, Galiana, grant his prayer?

Omnes. Yes, ſhe did hear, and heaven ſmiles on her for it.

Eluth. Still toward this wretched globe I bend my eyes,
And right beneath, a guilded ſeat was rais'd,
On which ſat one whoſe ſullen haughty eye
Glanc'd ſupercilious o'er a group of ſlaves
Who proſtrate fell before him: hence, he cries,
To one who bending ſtood beſide his chair,
Go number theſe, my ſlaves: be thou their chief:
The Engliſh monarch pays me more for each
Of theſe my ſlaves, who fall in his defence,
Than any other of the powers at war
Think fit to offer; did they offer more,
Tho' 'gainſt the gods they fought, my troops were theirs.

The proſtrate wretches with one voice exclaim'd,
O mighty ſovereign, deign to hear our prayers!
The price of our hard ſervices will fill,
Will amply fill thy coffers, ſerene lord!
But let our ſtarving families enjoy
The purchaſe of our lives, the price of blood!
More they would have added; but a ſtorm
Of fury gather'd on the tyrant's brow:
All ſaw, all ſhiver'd at the fatal gloom,
And all retir'd with downcaſt ſtreaming eyes.

Americ. The prince whoſe cares concentre in himſelf,
Who deems his ſubjects form'd for *him* to rule,
Created only to increaſe *his* glory,
Builds up a ſeparate intereſt of his own,
Repugnant to the good of thoſe he governs.
Let government aſſume what form ſhe may,
Her only aim ſhould be the public good.
What is the potentate neglecting this?
A tyrant, an uſurper, tho' he claim
Or hereditary, or right divine.
Virtue will laugh the ſpecious plea to ſcorn.
Methinks I hear her cry, thou proud barbarian!
Nor bloody conqueſt nor the forc'd conſent
Of wretched people to put on the chains
Of thy forefathers to eſcape their ſwords
Can alter, much leſs abrogate the ends
Of government, that ſcience of the ſkies!
Nor make the means of happineſs the means
Of miſery: nor make the ſons of men
More wretched than the brutes who graze at large
By that ſole privilege, celeſtial reaſon;
Painful pre-eminence when freedom's gone.

Omnes. Such, to tyrants, are the words of virtue.

Eluth. While I inactive ſtay'd my guide's return,
Many fair genii idly flock'd around me,

And languidly, in turn, implor'd my ſtay.
To the voluptuous indolents I turn'd,
While anger flaſh'd from my indignant eyes.
Why, O ye heedleſs inattentive beings!
Why have ye ſuffer'd regal power, ſaid I,
T'attain this dazzling, almoſt godlike height,
An eminence from whoſe exalted top
No mortal man with calmneſs can look down?
And, when the brain is giddy can we hope
To ſee the actions regularly juſt?
No, if kings condeſcend to look below,
Their fellow men as crawling inſects ſeem,
Nor will their flattering train preſume to ſay
They meaſure equal on great nature's ſcale.
Will men on this ſtupendous height allow
The laws the meaſure of their ſovereign power?
Will they ſuppoſe themſelves as much compell'd,
Nay, more, to obſerve the holy rules of right
Than e'en the loweſt of their meaneſt ſubjects;
As their infringement of theſe ſacred laws
Is far more fatal than a private man's.
Will they not deem themſelves than mortals more,
When they behold the ruins they have made,
And find, inſtead of puniſhment, applauſe?

Americ. Immortal Power, who form'd the heart of man,
And interwove throughout the tender texture,
That neceſſary paſſion, love of ſelf;
That godlike principle, the love of virtue,
That glorious ſentiment, the love of freedom—
How loſt, how ſunk, how impious muſt they be,
Who ſay reſiſtance to a tyrant's will
Is oppoſition to Thy will divine!!
But wretched men in hopeleſs bondage born,
Lift up t'a gaudy throne their dazzled eyes,
Struck with the glittering trifles of a crown,
Think he who wears it muſt be more than man;

But when they find the tinſell'd tyrant worſe
Than hungry tigers, ranging for their prey,
They deem themſelves much leſs than nature form'd
them,
And call all public virtue but a name.

Eluth. Soon my beſt friend, Fulmenifer return'd,
And in illuſtrious Galiana's hand
My hand he plac'd. With looks of tendereſt love
And pity mingled, Galiana view'd me,
And recollected once ſhe knew me well.
But 'tis ſo long ago ſhe ſighing ſaid,
Since laſt I ſaw fair Elutheria's face!
O wilt thou never, never viſit me?
Her radient eyes, methought, ſuffus'd with tears,
With down-bent rays ſurvey'd the fields of France.
And ſure am I, I ſaw a tear deſcend.
Fulmenifer then ſpoke; I heard him not
For they convers'd apart. Th'effect was ſtrange.
Enthuſiaſtic paſſion ſhakes her ſoul,
She views me o'er and o'er, and opens wide
Her ivory arms; ſhe claſps me to her heart,
She ſwears aloud by fate's eternal throne
She will love me, ever be my friend;
That ſhe will———

Americ. What?——ſpeak!

Eluth. I may not——no——I muſt not—
The joy of thy beſt friend, thy faithful ſervant
At what ſhe ſaid, exceeds the ſtrength of words.
Now Elutheria, cries my enraptured guide,
From this bleſt moment thou may'ſt date thy reign
O'er the wide regions of the new found world;
Then look around and bid the old adieu;
View yon vaſt empire proſtrate in the duſt,
And yonder kingdom mould'ring into ruin;
View yon vaſt empire riſing into glory;
And yonder kingdom nodding to her fall.

I look'd as now directed——ſigh'd——I wept.
Now then he cries, and ſeiz'd my offer'd hand,
We'll turn us toward Americana's ſhores.
There are no *ruins;* but the glorious riſe
Of the GREATEST EMPIRE now beneath the ſkies.

Americ. Heart ſwelling thought! O my exulting ſoul!
Yes! I'll indulge the pride, the honeſt pride
Inſpir'd by thee, thou heaven-born maid!

Eluth. He added not, but ſpreading wide our wings,
O'er yonder wide Atlantic bent our way
Toward this thy high, thy hoſpitable hill.

Omnes. Fame's ſweeteſt ſilver trumpet ſound thy praiſe!

Americ. You know, my deareſt ſons, no act of ours,
No generous reſolve we pleaſe to form,
But ſtraight will influence the ſons of men.
The moment this fair conſtellation blaz'd,
That glorious moment mortals join'd their hands
In the defence of what they held moſt dear.
Our mortal charge, by us inſpir'd, this day
Begin to guard againſt encroaching power.
Now let us ſwear forever to defend
The cauſe of our much injur'd Elutheria
Againſt th'outrageous fury of Britannia.

Omnes. Propoſe the oath.

Americ. That Sacred Power ador'd
By burning cherubims above.

Omnes. We ſwear.

Americ. By all that's venerated here below,
And every thing which virtue's ſelf reveres.

Omnes. We ſwear.

Americ. The ſons of men, this moment, ſwear to guard
Their precious liberties, againſt a prince
Who, (by degenerate Britannia mov'd,
She long the dupe of tyranny and pride)
Now takes large ſtrides toward arbitrary ſway.
Their holy vows aſcend to heaven's high porch,
And, in their flight, ſalute my joyful ear.

Eluth. Thus, tyranny and pride, employ'd by hell
To ſhed their baleful influences round
The world's wide atmosphere, by friendlike guile
Firſt ſap the juſtice of ſome guardian ſpirit
Long eminent for virtue: ſhe, once tainted,
Permits that nation o'er which ſhe preſides
To fall an eaſy prey to falſe ambition.

Americ. Thus, you may ſee this dire approaching war
Originates in tyranny and pride.
They, envious fiends! are well, too well aſſur'd,
That where Elutheria condeſcends to dwell,
That nation muſt, that nation will be free:
Her ſoul expanding, graces darting round,
Like yon bright lamp of day's prolific beams,
Shoot through the breaſts of all, and fill our minds
With true ambition, ſentiments ſublime—
The love of freedom, and the love of virtue.

Omnes. Mother of genii, true——we feel it here.
[*Laying their hands to their breaſts.*

Americ. Were liberty once baniſh'd from the earth.
The world's wide round they know were then their own.
Hence have theſe monſters, tyranny and pride,
With unabated rancour hunted her
From clime to clime, ſince young creation's birth;
Till now ſhe flies for refuge to your arms.
And ſhould ſhe, now, be raviſh'd from my ſide,

Now, that I've ſeen her, that I've known her worth,
Now, when her bright perfections blaze around me;
O Elutheria! ſhould I love thee now,
The ſharpeſt torments tyrants can inflict
On virtuous men, who dare oppoſe their will,
Were roſeate beds compar'd to my diſtreſs.

Omnes. Speak for us Etherius—
Speak comfort to Americana's ſoul.

[*Etherius at the wing of Virginia.*

Ethe. Yes, ſince I ſee th' approving ſmile of all.
Mother of genii, hear thy ſons in me,
And henceforth baniſh every groundleſs fear,
Nor think our love to her ſhall e'er ſubſide.
To ſome poor mortal, many years confin'd
To the hard thorny couch of ſlow diſeaſe,
Returning health is not ſo dear
As thou, fair Elutheria, art to us.
To ſpotleſs innocence condemn'd to die,
Sweet life repriev'd, or what's ſtill valued more,
Honour retriev'd is not ſo very dear
As thou, fair Elutheria, art to us.
As dear as virtue ſtruggling with diſtreſs
Is to the Heavenly Powers, ſo dear art thou,
O liberty, to our adoring ſouls!

Americ. Are theſe the ſentiments of all?
Omnes. Of all.
Americ. Extatic ſounds!
Advance, my ſon, draw near. [*To Etherius.*

[*Americana takes a ſword which lay on the altar, gives it to Elutheria——Etherius aſcends the altar—Elutheria buckles on the ſword——Jelemmo and Arianthus immediately enter——Jelemmo takes Etherius's place at the Virginia wing——Arianthus aſcends the ſcaffold of a triangular form, beforementioned, and takes down the ſtandard of the* U. S.——*Elutheria*

embraces Etherius, after having put on him the ſword ——Americana preſents him with a general's truncheon——he modeſtly declines.

Jelem. Brother, receive the charge, we joy to ſee
Superior worth like thine diſtinguiſh'd thus.

Americ. Go now, my ſon, attended by thy virtues.

Jelem. A glorious train! [*Etherius deſcends.*

Americ. Neceſſity, alone, unſheaths that ſword,
And her imperious voice muſt be obey'd.

Jelem. She cries aloud!

Omnes. And long has ſhe done ſo!

[*Exit Atherius, ſaluted by all, and followed by Arianthus bearing the ſtandard——they exit at ſide oppoſite to that of next entrance, which is that of Typhon and Faſtidio.*

Jelem. Two of Britannia's train approach.

Americ. 'Tis well.

Eluth. Hah! ſure ſome dreadful peſtilence is near;
The air grows pregnant with contagious poiſons;
Give me thine arm and let me lean on thee.
I feel unwonted horrors at my ſoul.

[*Enter Typhon and Faſtidio.*

Ye clouds of darkneſs veil me from their eyes!
O hide me from their eyes, ye rocks, ye hills!
Nor ſhall I groan beneath your grateful weight;
But reſt contented if ye will but hide me.

[*Typhon to Faſtidio.*

Typhon. Curſe on the Syren's ſympathetic fears.
Though we enſhrin'd us in the beams of light,
And took the form of holy cherubims,
'Twere all in vain, I find ſhe'd know us ſtill.

Eluth. Ah! turn, malicious baſiliſks, away
Thoſe life-deſtroying, blaſting eyes from me:

Each anihilating, necromantic glance
Shoots through my breaſt and ſtabs my ſhivering ſoul.

Americ. The Powers Divine ſupport my Elutheria!
Why, why this wild confuſion in thine air?
And what are theſe who agitate thee thus?

Eluth. Let me ſpeak low, if frighted nature hear
She ll ſink into convulſions at the ſounds;
My boding ſoul!——my falt'ring tongue denies
To ſpeak to the loathed names of——Typhon!
Of Faſtidio!—death is in the ſounds!

Typhon. They hear our names; yet ſeem to hear unmov'd. [*Looking about.*

Jelem. I fain would know what is ſo formidable
In you, that we ſhould tremble at your names?
The fouleſt ſtain guilt and diſhonour own
O'er blot your hated, your approbrious names.
Cloth'd, as we are, in innocence and virtue,
We laugh the ſtygian potentates to ſcorn.

Omnes—Americans. We laugh the ſtygian potentates to ſcorn.

Fas. Typhon ſubdue thine overboiling rage;
Theſe are too mean an object for thy wrath.

Jelem. I yet ſhall ſee that haughty creſt brought low.

Fas. Take refuge in thy worthleſſneſs behind me. [*Turning away.*

Jelem. Yon ſacred preſence only binds my arm.
But I will meet thee in the fields of air;
Till then, proud ſpirits, thou art ſafe from me.

Fas. Safe from thee! ſaid'ſt thou not?

Americ. Of this no more.
Speak to your errand, what have you to ſay?

Typhon. Britannia thus Americana greets:

If thou doſt wiſh for happineſs and peace
Reſign thy right in Elutheria to us:
She is our ſubject, hath deſerted us:
At our command deliver her to thoſe
Whom we've appointed our ambaſſadors.
We, as thy friends, adviſe thee not to be
Deceiv'd by her falſe faſcinating charms:
She will embroil thee with thy deareſt friends:
She will involve thee in eternal ſtrife;
For ſhe is all deluſion and deceit:
Her boaſted virtues are ideal all:
A ſpecious ſorcereſs, who———

Omnes—Americans. Hold blaſphemer!

Americ. We know thine errand—ſpare thine impious ſpeech.
Now tell thy queen,
Americana thus Britannia greets:
Bid Allegania ſpring from her broad baſe,
And perch upon the horns of the moon:
Then bid bold Ganges and the deep Danube,
And thine own Thames forſake their oozy beds:
Then under cancer meet, and join their ſtreams,
Nor taſte one atom of th' Atlantic ſalts
Till with their freſh, confluent tide they fill
The trench my Allegania leaves behind:
If they obey, that moment I comply.

Jelem. Well haſt thou replied, Americana!

Omnes. Mother of genii, thanks, right well indeed.
[*All bowing.*

Americ. I add no more: no more add thou: begone.

Typhon. Yet think, Americana, e'er too late,
Think of the dire calamities of war!

Americ. Peace, Typhon, peace: talk'ſt thou of pity?
Sire of calamities.

Omnes. Typhon, peace.

Americ. Did we not know thee, Typhon, we would hear thee.
And mourn our fate thus cruelly compell'd
To draw the ſword in Elutheria's cauſe
And wail thoſe woes concomitants with war;
But we forbear to gratify thine ear:
For groans are muſic to the ears of Typhon.

Typhon. Such inſolence—ſuch firmneſs——hell and ſulphur.

Fas. Now, Typhon, now, let looſe thy ſtore of horrors!

[*Here Typhon traverſing the ſtage, and waving his magical wand, caſts looks of the utmoſt fury on the American genii.*

Americ. O Elutheria, thou look'ſt faint and pale!
Thy charms are withering and thy bloom decays!
Sure yon infernal ſorcerer hath fill'd
The ambient air with ſome infectious venom.

Eluth. Lo! what a vapour iſſues from his lips,
Pregnant with ruin, and rolls along towards me.

Americ. A ſtrange diſtemper ſhoots all o'er my frame,
And I ſhould think the hand of death were on me,
If I were mortal. Now I feel, I fear.

Jelem. Our feet are bound by ſome infernal magick!
Immovable as rocks!

Omnes. We cannot move!

Typhon. And never ſhall—rebellious ſpirits! never.
[*Waving his wand.*

Jelem. Muſt we forever thus like lifeleſs ſtocks remain,
And view this ſcene of ruin unreveng'd?
Yet though our feet are bound by magick chains,
Our arms, I feel, are free.

Omnes. Then monſters, thus——we——O ye powers divine!

[*All lift their javelins to dart them at their enemies; but remain depriv'd of motion—with their arms lifted up and continue ſo, until the charm is broken.*

[*Typhon waving his wand.*

Typhon. For ever in that attitude remain,
Eternal monuments of Typhon's power;
'Till ſome more potent being, if ſuch there be,
Brings Typhon down, and bends his ſtubborn knee.

Eluth. Thou ſeeſt their dreadful power, my immortal friend!
Alas, I fear ſome terrible event.

Americ. If Heaven permit thy fall, I'll fall with thee:
Better to fall with thee than live without thee.

[*Embrace.*

Jelem. Yes let us all, if fate will have it ſo
Together fall. [*Still motionleſs.*

Omnes. Yes, yes, let's fall together.

[*Still motionleſs.*

Jelem. The brave will ſcorn the inſipid cup of life
When unſeaſoned by the hand of freedom.

Typhon. Bear hence that idol of the ſwiniſh multitude!

[*To Faſtidio who aſcends the ſteps, ſeizes Elutheria, embraced ſtill by her friend.*

Americ. and Eluth. Ah! [*Repeated ſhrieks from both.*

Typhon. Tear them apart! wide as the poles aſunder!

[*Elutheria is forced down by Faſtidio, and dragged to one ſide.*

Typhon. Purſue her not! thou bold Americana!

[*Typhon flies up the ſteps, ſtrikes the union circle, which ſeems to be immediately extinguiſhed.*

[*Diſtant thunder.*

Be ever blaſted theſe deteſted lights!
For ever ſhiver'd this vain pageantry!
For ever ſcattered this rebellious bauble!
Deſcend, thou proud idolatreſs, deſcend!

[*Forces Americana down, drags her to the oppoſite ſide of Elutheria (both ſhriek repeatedly) endeavour to join each other——withheld.*

Fas. Do thou remain *(to Typhon)* and keep the charm wound up,
While I bear off the prize.

Americ. Hold, monſter, hold! [*Thunder.*
He heeds me not. O all ye Heavenly Powers!
Where ſpends this idle tempeſt all its bolts?

Typhon. Thou ſtriv'ſt in vain—you never more ſhall meet.

Americ. O Elutheria! for thee are all my fears;
Tho' hell let all her horrors fly abroad
And drove them round my head; I'd be compos'd,
Wert thou but unmoleſted by my ſide.

Eluth. Farewell, Americana, O for ever!

Americ. O no, not for ever——ſure——one moment ſtay——
Let go, audacious fiends! let go your holds!
O hold, Faſtidio! hear me, gentle Typhon.

[*Stage dark.*

O do not violate that ſacred form!
They heed me not——blaſt them ye lightnings!

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Has heaven exhauſted its artillery quite?
Are there no thunderbolts to ſpare for me?

[*Lightning.*

Help! help!—diſtraction—can you thus look on?
Alas they can but ſhake their heads and weep.
[*To the thirteen genii.*
Lay down that wand and ceaſe thy helliſh charm!
[*To Typhon.*
He heeds me not! the demon heeds me not.
O that I could ſome deadly curſe invent
More ſharp, more fatal than th'etherial ſtroke;
To take full vengeance, hell-born monſter, on thee.

Eluth. O Americana, I am loſt!

Americ. O my immortal friend, my Galiana!
Where is th'aſſiſtance thou haſt promis'd me?
Now! Galiana now! or I am loſt!
Now! Galiana now! or all is loſt!
O God of univerſal nature pity me!

[*The moment Faſtidio and Typhon have violently drawn Elutheria and Americana to oppoſite ſides, a large black cloud deſcends between the altar and the triangular ſcaffolding before mentioned——flaſhes of lightning——a large luminous aperture opens, and diſcovers Galiana and Fulmenifer on the top of the ſcaffolding; Galiana in the attitude of darting a thunderbolt —Fulmenifer with an electrical rod in his hand. All appear amazed; Typhon, Faſtidio, relax, thro' aſtoniſhment, their violence; but do not looſen their holds ——Fulmenifer kneels, and puts the rod in Galiana's hand—riſes—guides her hand—points it towards Typhon—raiſes it—lowers it—immediate a ſtream of electric fluid pours from above upon the head of Typhon——he ſtaggers—falls on one knee—The ſame is done by Faſtidio with the ſame effect.*

Light reſtored; Americana and Elutheria ruſh into each others arms.

Omnes Americ. The charm is diſolv'd!
[*Brandiſhing their Javelins.*
Typhon. By all the powers of hell, it is.

Fas. It is, and we are loſt forever.

Americ. Deareſt of all that's dear, do I infold thee!
[*to Eluth.*

Eluth. Art thou indeed, once more within theſe arms.

Jelem. The charm muſt laſt—ſuch the decree of Typhon,
Till ſome ſuperior power, if ſuch there be,
Make Typhon ſtoop, and bend his ſtubborn knee.
[*Sneeringly.*
Now hated monſters, your accurſed ſpells
Are counteracted by ſome pow'r ſuperior;
And you ſhall feel, deteſted fiends, they are.
[*all going to ſtrike.*

Americ. Yet hold a moment hold, my ſons, and hear me.

Omnes. Can we forbear a moment? [*going to ſtrike.*

Americ. Hold! you muſt.
Honor commands you to forbear th'aſſault.
Hated as they are, this roof protects them.
If you aſſemble in the fields of air
And meet them there——O then remember me?
Remember *then* the cauſe of Elutheria!
Remember *then* the inſults I have borne!
But learn to venerate this ſacred place.

Fulme. Mother of American genii that is right!
The mighty Galiana ſmiles on thee!
For that the ſoul of honour ſmiles on thee!

Americ. Bleſt be that voice, that ſweet, melodious voice,
So long a ſtranger to thy mother's ear!
And bleſt that tongue that ſpeaks ſuch bleſsed words
And has no fear to tell our trembling foes
That mighty Galiana ſmiles on me!

Typhon, recovering. By all that's great in war, I joy to find
Our victory is like to coſt us dear!
'Tis force, 'tis noble force muſt now decide
The mighty conteſt——now methinks I ſee
My ſov'reign genius caſt her eyes below,
As ſhe ſublimely ſoars above the war;
Methinks I ſee her clap her ſhining wings,
When ſhe beholds me pull Etherius down,
And trample on him, thus.

Jelem. Oh! give me, give me leave
[*Raiſing his Javelin.*

Omnes. Intolerable this.

Americ. That it is hard to bear
Witneſs this boſom ſwoln with indignation;
Yet I ſubdue it; pray you do ſo too.
We muſt be calm, or how can we be firm?
Is not an edifice by tempeſts rock'd,
How ever deeply founded yet in danger?
But go, Faſtidio, and thou, Typhon go;
Report what you have done, and your ſucceſs.

Omnes. And your ſucceſs!

Americ. Pray you forget not that.
Go from my preſence, give my aching eyes
A moment's eaſe——for O the ſight of you!

Eluth. Hell hath no torments equal to the pains
Inflicted by their preſence on my ſoul.
O let me cloſe my ſmarting eyes and hide
My face in this dear friendly breaſt of thine.
[*Leaning on Americana.*

Typhon. Let not this ſhort-liv'd triumph ſwell thy pride, [*To Elutheria.*
We may be check'd but never overcome.
No ſegment of this wide extended globe
But what has felt and trembled at our power

Long, long O liberty thou waſt protected
By the brave genii of the ancient world:
And each, in turn, confeſs'd how hard the taſk
To ſhield thee from our perſecuting rage;
From our immortal unrelenting hate.
Yet, Elutheria hopes to 'ſcape us now,
Protected by an———

[*Here Typhon advancing towards Elutheria, beholds Galiana pointing the electrical rod at him, he turns haughtily away.*

Eluth. Approach not me, thou loathed of my ſoul;
Typhon I feel, I feel I fear thee yet,
And thou art all that Elutheria fears.

Fulme. Say what thou wilt, but do not dare t' approach
Too near that ſacred form——for if thou doſt!——

Fas. Typhon diſmay'd! 'twill never be believ'd.
By hell I'll finiſh what thou would'ſt have ſaid.
Tho' t'were my laſt; [*Drawing near Elutheria.*
Although deſtruction follow.
Yet Elutheria hopes t' eſcape us now,
Protected by an empire in the cradle.

[*Here he is beaten quite down by a ſtream of electrical fluid from above.*

Fulme. Protected by an empire in the cradle!
Will great Faſtidio wiſh again to rock
The cradle of a babe who kicks ſo rude?
Will gentle Typhon help his worthy friend
To rock America's imperial cradle?

Typhon. O for a curſe to perforate this globe,
And ſhake to atoms its deteſted maſs!
O for a breath to puff the duſt about
Through wide immenſity's unbounded ſpace!

[*Exit Typhon.*

Fas. Can this be true? have I arriv'd to this?
Henceforward know me thine eternal foe;
[*to Americana.*
Me, who will never reſt until I bring
Thyſelf, and each proud ſpirit who wings the ſkies,
Proſtrate, beneath Britannia's ſacred feet.
Away with all diſguiſe; I'll ſpeak my ſoul!
Had I but power I'd mould this world anew;
Form it a pyramid, whoſe lofty point
Should proudly riſe and reach beyond the ſight
Of the low baſe, and on its ſpacious top
Secure I'd fix my ſov'reign golden chair.
Thy ſons ſhould trembling crouch behind her throne,
[*to Americana.*
While thy proud ſelf beneath her foot ſhould groan.
Thou Galiana, 'midſt a crowd ſhould be
Of trembling queens, and ſerve her on thy knee.
Her meaneſt ſlave, her boundleſs power to ſhew,
Should toſs imperial crowns to little kings below.
[*Galiana giving the rod to Fulmenifer.*

Galiana. Rage ungovern'd, like intoxication,
Will utter things which *ſeem* extravagant;
But which are (as at preſent) near the truth.

Jelem. As at preſent—
Quite too important *that* for a parentheſis!
That never ſhould be put between two hooks,
For fear ſome hurrying reader paſs it by.

Omnes. But thou wilt hook it though.

Jelem. Yes, to my ſoul.

Galiana. Into what form Britannia would *mould* the world
We cannot tell; but all that world well knows
Had ſhe but power ſhe'd *make* the world her own.
No need yon vapouring fiend ſhould tell us ſo.
And ſhould Britannia win the world entire,

Like Macedonia's royal highwayman,
She would, perhaps, ſit down and weep——and why?
Becauſe ſhe'd only *one* football to ſpurn,
One little world to kick about at will.

Fulme. She knows this world much better than that fool,
The drunken boy of Macedon.

Omnes. O! much!

Fulme. Geography ſhe knows; and that informs her
That this *one* world, although in fact, imferior
To other planets in our ſolar ſyſtem
Ought to content her.

Omnes. If ſhe's any conſcience.

Galiana. How long, Americana, wilt thou bear
Britannia's yoke?

Americ. O let us firſt embrace,
And in our arms infold our heavenly friend
While thanking her for her well tim'd protection.
That is the neareſt wiſh we feel at heart.

Galiana. How long, Americana, wilt thou bear
Britannia's yoke?

Fulme. That queſtion muſt be anſwer'd.

Americ. I muſt be pardon'd: I am not prepar'd
To ſpeak to that.

Galiana. And, until then
Americana ſees my face no more.

Fulme. Oh gracious being, do not frown upon us.

Galiana. I feel no anger: be my friend compos'd.
Neceſſity compels me thus to act.
Neceſſity compels me thus to ſpeak.
The arms of Galiana never ſhall
Be opened to receive a willing ſlave;

A ſlave, who *can* and yet *will not* be free.

[*The cloud cloſes—aſcends with Galiana & Fulmenifer.*

Jelem. A willing ſlave! deteſted epithet!
Wipe off, this inſtant, that opprobrious ſtain,
By ſhewing the world with noble Galiana,
That great Americana ſcorns the name.
Caſt far away Britannia's hated yoke;
Or caſt it elſe beneath our trampling feet!

Omnes. Yes! caſt it down beneath our trampling feet!

Americ. See here, Britannia, ſee what thou haſt done!
O may'ſt thou feel the ſting of keen remorſe,
And of that worm, that never, never dies.

Jelem. Permit, my gracious mother, O permit
Thy duteous ſons with voice unanimous,
This moment to proclaim thee. [*Interrupted.*

Americ. Let me firſt———

Jelem. A ſovereign, free, and independent power.
She heſitates——my brethren!——now!——at once!

Omnes. Hail independent—— [*Interrupted.*

Americ. Peace!—I pray you peace.
O give my harrowed ſoul a moment's reſpite.

[*Exit with Elutheria.*

Jelem. No reſpite—no, my friends! purſue this blow,
Follow her cloſe. She muſt at length comply.
Till ſhe conſent to paſs this grand decree
Her duteous ſons will not, cannot be free. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—The Hall of Union as before.

Jelemmo and Veſperia meeting.

Jelem. Now fair Veſperia, good as thou art fair,
And fair as thou art valued by our chief;
To thee belongs to chuſe from thy fair train
Of mountain nymphs thoſe who excel the reſt
In induſtry, ſobriety and virtue;
That they may in this hall keep conſtant watch,
And trim theſe lamps, and feed their ſacred flames,
Which, henceforth, ſhall not die, heaven ſo diſpos'd.

Veſp. Soon as I call my band of nymphs together
It ſhall, my gentle Jelemmo, be done.
I know of many, who thank heaven, are worthy,
And will diſcharge that ſacred duty well.

Jelem. I joy to hear thee ſay ſo, good Veſperia!
Approv'd of thee, their merit muſt be great.

Veſp. Diſpos'd all o'er this wide extended mount,
The happy nymphs are hunting down their game.
Strangers to care, to theſe corroding cares
Which gnaw, my generous friend, our anxious breaſts;
But when they hear my voice
They'll ſoon aſſemble.

Veſp. Ye nymphs, now in chaſe of the buck or the doe,
Let each drop her quiver, and unbend her bow.
Let each, &c.
Attend to my call, and let each take her place;
Here's work of more worth than the joys of the chaſe.
Here's, &c. &c.

AIR.

Look! yonder they fly! with unbraided locks,
And bound like wild deer o'er the ſummit of rocks,
With ſhouting, and hooting they pierce the blue ſky,
While old Allegany redoubles the cry.

[*Enter ſix mountain nymphs, three at each ſide, appearing at different wings, each holding in one hand a javelin, with the other graſping the mane of a wild beaſt.*

Hybla. Soon as that well-known voice we hear,
We fling our bows, and dart away,
Warn'd by that voice, ſo ſweet, ſo clear,
We often leave our vanquiſh'd prey.
Yet can Veſperia be diſpleas'd,
If with regret we left the chaſe,
One moment more, and we had ſeiz'd
The fierceſt brutes that haunt this place.
Theſe panthers, bears, and tigers, all
[*Pointing to the beaſts.*
We ſtarted in the woods below;
Yet, at Veſperia's well-known call,
We ceas'd to urge the flying foe.

AIR.

What pleaſure we feel at the monſters full view,
With what joy for the chaſe we prepare!
Our Jav'lins we graſp, with cheering halloo!
We ſpring forward: then rending the air;
With our yelling and ſcreaming,
While the monſters all ſtreaming
Away, like a tempeſt juſt burſt from the ſkies.
E'er our javelins can reach them
We frequently catch them,
And join the mad brutes in a chorus of cries.

Chorus of Nymphs.

Of cries! of cries! of horrible cries!

We join the mad brutes in a chorus of cries!

[*This laſt note long and accompanied by a yell of the wild beaſts, after having each received a blow of a javelin.*

E'er our javelin can reach them
We frequently catch them,
And join the mad brutes in a chorus of cries.

Hybla. Charming Veſperia, why this brow of care?

Veſp. Seek not to know, ſweet nymps, my cauſe of grief;
But in your happy ignorance be bleſt.

Hybla. You've oft been pleas'd to view our antic ſports.

Veſp. I have, I own; but——O Americana!

[*Here Hybla and the other nymphs lay their lances on the heads of the wild beaſts.*

Hybla. By virtue of this terrible lance,
While in our hands ſo magical,
And to your race ſo tragical,
On your hind feet riſe up and dance.

Omnes. On your hind feet riſe up and dance,
[*Beaſts riſe reluctantly.*
By virtue of this terrible lance. [*Striking them.*

[*Here an antic dance of ſix nymphs and ſix wild beaſts.*
——*When done.*

Hybla. What, not one ſmile, my gracious Jelemmo?
Charming Veſperia, not one ſmile from thee?
We brought theſe monſters hither to amuſe you.

Veſp. To us, ſweet nymphs, you ever more are kind;
But to the wretched animals you ſeize,
I grieve to ſpeak it, you are, ſometimes cruel.

You know the air around this ſacred place
Is quite unfit for mortal reſpiration.
And lo! the wretched animals expire!

(Sings.)

Hybla. Let them die, what care I? do you?
2nd. Nymph, Not I, do you?
3rd. Nymph, Not I, do you?
4th. Nymph, Not I do you?
5th. Nymph, Not I, do you?
6th. Nymph, Not I.

Hybla. Nor I.

Chorus. Then let them die——

[The beaſts groan and fall proſtrate.

Veſp. O me! they die! I pray you urge them hence.
This ſacred place muſt never be polluted
By the grim king of terror's hated preſence.

[Here Hybla and the others begin to goad the beaſts, which ſlowly crawl towards the ſide—and ſings.

Hybla. Yon hungry vultures we muſt treat,
And what ſo fit to do the feat
That fills their rav'nous maws with meat
As this right hand?

[Brandiſhing their javelins.

Chorus. As this right hand?

Hybla. Yon hungry vultures——*as before.*

[Exeunt nymphs, &c.

Veſp. Thrice happy nymphs! how bleſt is their condition.

Jelem. I ſhould be ſhock'd at my degenerate ſoul,
Could ſhe conceive one joy on this dread day
So pregnant with Americana's fate.

Veſp. Heaven guard the guardian of Veſperia's virtue!
In envying theſe their freedom from all cares

Thou mak'ſt me feel my momentary error.

[*Nymphs re-enter, holding the end of each other's javelins ——They dance a ſerpentine figure round Jelemmo, Veſperia and the altar——this is changed into an* allemand *of javelins——to continue till Veſperia ſpeaks.*

Veſp. Ceaſe, dear enthuſiaſts, ceaſe my lovely nymphs,
And hear me ſpeak.

Hybla. With reverence, good Veſperia.

Veſp. The active pleaſures of the rural chaſe
Muſt yield henceforth, to ſedentary duties.

Hybla. To ſedentary duties!

Omnes. Hear you that? [*To each other.*

Veſp. It muſt be, lovely nymphs, your future care
To trim yon lamps, to feed their ſacred fires,
Which, henceforth ſhall not die, Heaven ſo diſpos'd.

Jelem. Each charming maid will take the charge of two.
Six nymphs, reliev'd at ſtated intervals,
Will feed with holy oils the flames of twelve.

Veſp. The thirteenth lamp will be neglected ſo?

Jelem. Forbid it Heaven.

Veſp. Who then muſt take that charge?

Jelem. Thou, my fair Veſperia, thou alone
Muſt to thy care take yon reſplendant lamp
Which crowns the ſummit, and the reſt excells
In ſplendor, as the ſtate it repreſents
Exceeds the other twelve in ſoft urbanity,
Manners polite, and patriotic virtue.
A taſk well worthy the refin'd Veſperia!

[*Nymphs mount the triangular ſcaffolding, Veſperia leading the way——the others, three at each ſide.*

Veſp. How eminently bright this glorious ſtar

Emits, my heavenly friend, its golden rays!
Eclipſing all the reſt, as night's fair queen
Out ſhines the lamps of heaven which twinkle by.
I pray thee ſay, what ſtate this repreſents?

Song by Jelemmo, Veſperia, and nymphs.

Jelem. Fair truth lit his torch by the beams of that morn
When yonder bright ſun and creation were born;
And ev'ry fair ſtar in our Union caught fire
From the torch of fair truth, and can never expire;
Yet if freedom is oppreſs'd they may languidly blaze;
But 'tis heaven alone can extinguiſh their rays.

[*After the song——darkneſs——thunder and lightning——the ſtars in the union circle again loſe their luſtre.*

Veſp. O my Jelemmo! ſhould the dreadful Typhon——

Hybla. He comes! he comes! the dreadful Typhon comes!
Let's hide us in ſome cavern of the moon,
Or in the ſouthern ocean's deepeſt bed!

Omnes Nymphæ. The dreadful Typhon comes! O let us fly.

Jelem. Let none preſume to quit her ſtation there,
Though nature's ſelf were mould'ring into ruin,
And world on world were daſh'd and cruſh'd to atoms.
Again our ſacred lamps are near extinct,
And ſympathize with ſuffering liberty.
O Elutheria much I fear for thee:
The Powers Supreme protect thee from thy foes!

Veſp. Lo, my Jelemmo, yon deſcending cloud!
Now ſhould the dreadful Typhon be enſhrin'd
Within its boſom.——Horror inſupportable
Creeps thro' my frame to think ſo.

Omnes Nymphæ. Mercy! mercy!

Jelem. Be calm, ſweet nymphs, behold our Arianthus.

[*Enter Arianthus.*

Veſp. Why would'ſt thou come, wrapt in a ſable cloud?

Arian. That diſmal hue, beſits my diſmal news.

Jelem. How fares th'ador'd, the precious Elutheria?

Arian. Dead! Blaſted lifeleſs as yon rock!

Veſp. Loſt Americana!

Omnes Nymphæ. Moſt forlorn!

Jelem. Proceed, my friend; my woes cannot increaſe.

Arian. Prepare yourſelves to hear a tale of horror.
You know, my deareſt friends, I left this place
In order to attend Americana,
And her beloved friend, fair Elutheria;
Reſolving both to view their troops, arrang'd
Beneath the banners of our brave Etherius.
E'er we departed from this ſacred ſpot
A gloomy cloud extended her wide folds
Athwart the ſummit of this lofty mount,
Through which we muſt inevitably paſs.
The crafty Typhon with a choſen band
Of ſpirits bold and daring as himſelf,
In the dark womb of this denſe vapour lurks,
Cloſe ſhrouded from ſuſpicion's prying eye.
Americana with her ſlender train
Beſide this miſt directs her ardent flight,
With lovely Elutheria by her ſide.

Veſp. How indeſcribable is what I feel.

Arian. As ſome fierce tiger ſprings upon her prey,
The dreadful Typhon from his ambuſh ſprings —
Rends Elutheria from our mother's arms
In ſpite of all her efforts to retain
The dear lov'd fair cloſe to her tortur'd breaſt.

Typhon's fell band attack our mother's train,
While ſhe, like ſome poor bird who loſt her young,
Purſues the plunderer with heart piercing cries.
We, ſeeing this, neglect the uſeleſs fight
With meaner foes, and Typhon cloſe purſue.
He looks behind ; beholds us in his rear :
He looks before—Etherius in his front
Advancing quick : he finds his flight retarded
By Elutheria ſtruggling in his arms.
The monſter finding he muſt drop his prize,
Collects the deadly poiſons of his breath,
In one deſtructive life expelling blaſt,
And puffs th' envenom'd torrent in her face—
Then lets her drop. She tumbles o'er and o'er,
While nature utters univerſal groans. [*Thunder.*

Jelem. And is the darling of all nature loſt ?
Tell it ye thunder, and as ye tell it weep :
'Tis fit the heaven ſhould weep ſince ſhe is fall'n.

Arian. All this was done as rapid as the flaſh
Shoots from yon burſting cloud. 'Tis thought alone,
And not my words can match th' amazing ſcene ;
All downward turn their wings to break the fall
Of her ſo worthily by all ador'd ;
While hell-born Typhon makes a ſafe retreat.
'Tis thought can match Americana's ſpeed ;
She plung'd with indeſcribable velocity—
Caught *falling Freedom* in her friendly arms ;
Or ſhe were daſh'd on earth, to riſe no more.

Jelem.—looking up. The grateful light of day at length returns ; [*Light reſtored.*
The ſtorm abates ; heaven's face ſerene appears ;
Celeſtial blue through yonder lofty arch
Form'd in the air. And, O my aching breaſt !
Behold our melancholy moving friends
Sadly advancing toward this houſe of woe,
Bearing a couch, with Elutheria laid

At length thereon, and motionleſs as death.
She comes, who once delighted every eye!
She comes, who once communicated joy
To every heart: behold her now return.

Veſp.—looking up. But how does ſhe return?

Omnes. O ſight of woe!

Song by Veſperia.—O what avails.

[*A couch of clouds, adorn'd with a canopy, appears directly above the altar; deſcending ſlowly, it reſts upon it, and diſcovers Elutheria extended motionleſs thereon.*

Arian. Our mourning friends advance.

Jelem. Let us go forth,
And to their ſad proceſſion join our woes.
[*Exeunt Jelemmo and Arianthus.*

Veſp. Is this the accompliſhment of all thy hopes
Of happineſs in transatlantic climes?
Was it for this thou left Europa's ſhores,
O thou tranſcendant fair?

Omnes—Nymphæ. Was it for this?

[*Enter Arianthus, trailing on the ground the colours of the U. S.—then Americana ſupported by Etherius and Jelemmo——then the other twelve genii, two and two—they arrange themſelves at their own places; Jelemmo, as before, at the Virginia wing.*

Americ. Why what an object that? foul torturing ſight!
Was it for this I built that beauteous ſhrine?
O Elutheria! O my heavenly friend!
[*Running up the ſteps of the altar, and kiſſing her.*
O cruel fate, why art thou thus unjuſt,
To employ on us thy whole ſtore of woes?

On us, alone, nor haſt thou left one curſe,
To pour to-morrow on the head of Typhon.

Ether.—on the ſtage. Mother of genii, yield not to deſpair,
Hope yet ſurvives, hear then her ſoothing voice.

Americ.—at the altar. And can'ſt thou hear the feeble voice of hope?
And can'ſt thou comprehend her cheering words?
How bleſt art thou! to me ſhe ſpeaks too low.
To thee what ſays ſhe? ſpeak, I'm all deſpair.

Eluth. Americana knows her beauteous friend
Is not quite loſt; but in a deathlike ſtate,
Enchanted by theſe powerful magicians,
And doom'd for ever to continue ſo,
Unleſs one remedy be ſoon applied;
And that ſole remedy how hard to acquire,
The mouldering empires of the world will own.

Americ. There is a cure, thou ſay'ſt, an only cure?
O name it quick, and ſave me from diſtraction.

Ether. Our friend, the good, the wiſe Fulmenifer,
(Who when this dire calamity arriv'd,
Was diſtant far with mighty Galiana,
Whom he accompanied to view her powers.)
He providently, long ago conſulted
Truth's ſacred oracle, and me inform'd,
This moſt eventful morn, of his ſucceſs.
And, now, Americana, mark me well,
For from the holy ſhrine of truth herſelf
Proceeds each word now iſſuing from my lips;
Not miſtically dark, or wrapt in doubt,
Nor with affected ambiguity,
Equivocally utter'd; but as clear
As yon celeſtial torch that flames on high!

Americ. How awful is thine aſpect, ſtrange thy words.
What wild enthuſiaſm ſhakes thee thus?

Ether. O my mother, can thy ſon be calm,
When he reflects, that on thy ſtrict obſervance
Of theſe few words, juſt burſting from my lips,
Depends Americana's future fate.

Americ. I know thy ſoul. I pray thee be compos'd.
Now tell me what the oracle declares.

Ether. If liberty be poiſon'd by that breath—
That breath, peſtiferous to her alone,
Which iſſues from the livid lips of tyranny,
Nought can recover her but this alone:
Her deareſt friends muſt place her lifeleſs foot—
The right foot, bare, upon the neck of Typhon;
Her left foot, naked, upon Faſtidio's neck.

Jelem. O glorious thought!

Omnes. The oracle of truth!

Americ. I pray you peace, let me not loſe one word.

Ether. The contact, indiſpenſable in this,
Will act, that moment, as a veſicatory
Of force moſt ſingularly efficacious.
For, attracted by the ſharp corroſive touch,
The morbid humours ſpread throughout her frame,
Will leave the nobler parts and downward flow,
And through the baſe extremities tranſpire.

Jelem. Now, has Americana heard him well?

Americ. Too well, my ſon, too well for my repoſe.

Ether. But this alone will not complete the cure:
A powerful counter-poiſon muſt be found,
Corrective of the venom now inhal'd.
This antidote, the world oppreſs'd muſt own,
Is, like the former part of truth's preſcription,
Not eaſily acquir'd, but yet within
The limits of thoſe things, by men deem'd poſſible:
For, to complete her cure, the wings of pride

And tyranny muſt both be cloſely clipt ;
Mark me, Americana, very cloſe ;
And then, a powerful fumigation, made
Of the rank plumage, ſhorn from either wing :
The ſtream ſulphureous quickly will pervade
Each inert faculty, and will reſtore
Unwonted vigor through her ſacred frame.
Thus have you heard, my friends, the only remed
The only cure, that can reſuſcitate,
That can reſtore to life and animation,
Yon heavenly maid, ſo dear to all our ſouls.

[*Exit Etherius, followed by Arianthus.*

Americ. O thou belov'd and deeply injured fair,
Thy cure, in perſpective, ſo diſtant lies,
That much I fear, thy hapleſs friends' deſpair
O'erwhelms their hopes of ſeeing ſoon that day.

Jelem. Never expect that glorious day will dawn
On thee and thine, until thou art reſolv'd
To let thy duteous ſons proclaim thee queen :
For then, and not till then, great Galiana
Will call thee friend, and join her arms to thine ;
And then, but not till then, thou mayſt expect
To ſee thy proſtrate foes beneath the feet
Of thy triumphant friend, fair Elutheria.

Americ. Omnipotent Power, Great Lord of all !
O thou, who by the ſacred voice of truth,
Forbade me to contemn the hated power
Of pride and tyranny, or deem them nought,
Or trifles to be ſcorn'd,——I obey.
Yet can deſpair approach, while I know
One frown of thine can bury them in ruin ?
Then, knowing this, my ſoul is full of hope,
That thou haſt mark'd them out for thine own wrath,
As victims of thine own tremendous power ;
To ſhew the world, how hateful tyranny
And impious pride are in the eyes of heaven.

I feel, my ſons, a bright, a glorious flame
Of holy indignation fire my mind;
Long has it been a ſmother'd ſpark, but now
It blazes high, and well, my ſons, I feel
Its ſacred ſplendour, dignifies my ſoul.
No tranſient flaſh of paſſion enters here;
But a ſerene and unextinguiſhable flame,
As laſting as the memory of my wrongs.
'Tis done, I yield, at length you have prevail'd;
Proclaim aloud then, to the liſtening world,
Ploclaim aloud, Americana queen.

Jelem. Hail independent, ſelf-ſupported queen!

Omnes. Hail independent, ſelf-ſupported queen!

Americ. Not ſelf-ſupported while I lean on heaven,
When I neglect that prop, I'm ſure to fall.

Jelem. O queen of genii, well haſt thou replied.
Hail independent of all earthly powers!
Hail mighty queen, upheld by heaven alone!

Omnes. Hail mighty queen, upheld by heaven alone!

Jelem. Never may Americana's crown
Deſcend to individual mortal man.
Hear me, ye powers above, and grant this prayer.

Omnes. Hear us, ye powers above, and grant this prayer.

Jelem. Never may Americana's throne
Be fill'd by individual mortal man.
Hear me, ye powers above, and grant this prayer.

Omnes. Hear us, ye powers above, and grant this prayer.

Jelem. That bold audacious, that aſpiring man,
Who'd form a plot to gain our mother's crown,
To leave if after to his upſtart race,
Who'd form a wiſh to fill our mother's throne,

To leave it vacant to his upſtart race;
On him let ſhame, and diſappointment fall
In meaſure full, heap'd up by heaven's right hand.
Hear me, ye powers divine, and grant this prayer.

Omnes. Hear us, ye powers divine, and grant this prayer.

[*Muſic in the air at a diſtance, it approaches——all look attentive.*

Then Galiana, in one car, in another Fulmenifer, appear at oppoſites, above——they deſcend, advance to front, view Americana, ſtill on the upper ſtep of the altar.

Galiana after having contemplated the proſpect—

Galiana. Shade of Columbus haſt thou ever form'd
While acting on life's buſy ſtage, a thought
Which could approach the ſcene I now behold?
Could'ſt thou, in ſearch of lands almoſt unhop'd for,
And, when aſsur'd, ſo ſavage, ſo uncooth,
Have form'd a thought that all thy mighty pains
Would be rewarded in a ſpace ſo brief,
By the production of a ſcene like this?
Sav'd from the rage of thy deſpairing crew,
Now by th'appearance of a ſimple bird,
Now by th'agitation of a ſhrub,
A reed, a ſtraw, borne from ſome diſtant ſhore;
Thou didſt eſcape, Columbus, and with thee,
This fair new world, bright rival of the old,
Eſcap'd oblivions ever during gloom.
Had not theſe moſt important trifles been
Wafted along by favoring angels' wings
Columbus had been buried in the deep,
And this bright ſcene had never been diſplay'd.
Amiable providence, what ways are thine!

Fulme. Long, Galiana, hath the charming face
Of thine immortal friend, Americana,

With indignation glow'd, and gen'rous ſhame,
To find herſelf compell'd to graſp ſupport
Like feeble age, or tottering infancy;
When well ſhe knew within her conſcious ſoul,
Could ſhe remove oppreſſion's heavy hand
That kept her down, her towering head would reach
A height ſublime, and ſhew th'admiring world
An honeſt form that laudably would ſcorn
To lean on ought but heaven's eternal throne.
The great, th'important day is now arriv'd
When ſhe no longer will in vain implore
Her foreign foes to eaſe the hated load;
But ſcorning now the poſture of a ſlave,
She feels, ſhe knows herſelf this glorious day;
She, this bright day, has daſh'd that hand aſide,
That has, and would forever keep her low.
She ſhews the world her fair majeſtic ſize,
And looks oppreſſion in the frowning face.

Galiana. But wilt thou dare, indeed, Herculean babe!
T'attempt this brace of ſerpents ſtygian born?
Or like the daughter of imperial Jove,
At birth full grown, and ready arm'd for war,
Attack theſe mighty giants, who ſo long
Have kept old ocean's ſelf beneath their ſway?
O yes, thou wilt! thou doſt! and now ye cloſe;
The mighty conteſt ſhakes the earth around;
The world all wondering at the ill match'd pair,
Aloof ſtands waiting to behold the fate
O' the thin form'd youth, who dares to try a fall
With the brawnieſt athlet of Europa's ſchool;
O'the bold boy, who dares to meaſure ſwords
With th'oldeſt gladiator of this globe.
Th'ungenerous world looks on with folded arms
And vacant ſtare, and careleſs wait th'event.
Not ſo thy Galiana, ſhe alone
Of this wide world dares ſtretch a helpful hand,

Dares look the grim Goliah in the face,
Dares pluck the giant by his griſtly beard,
Dares prop the ſteps of Jeſſey's tottering ſon,
And ſnatch from ruin th'intereſting boy.
Lead to theſe arms, my friend, thy beauteous queen;
[*To Fulmenifer who ascends the ſteps of the altar, to lead Americana.*
Lead to my arms yon favorite of the ſkies;
To th'eldeſt lead old empire's youngeſt born:
Th'eldeſt, and in that alone ſuperior.
She comes, the bright, majeſtic fair one comes.
[*Embrace——a loud burſt of martial muſic in the air ——accompanied with ſhouts of joy within.*
By this embrace, expreſſive of our friendſhip,
I ſwear to thee, theſe tears which now ſuffuſe
Thoſe radient eyes, ſhall ſooner ceaſe to flow,
Ahan thy deſponding ſoul at preſent hopes for.

Americ. While yon ſad ſcene in all its pomp of woe
Preſents itſelf thus to my aching eyes,
My tears muſt at the view inceſſant flow.

Galiana. We know, my friend, the remedy preſcrib'd;
We likewiſe know the cure muſt be procur'd
Without delay, that it may prove effectual.

Americ. Without delay——O my foreboding ſoul!

Galiana. We muſt rend Typhon from his ſov'reign's arms;
Typhon muſt fall; Faſtidio too muſt fall
Beneath the feet of yon enchanted fair;
The hell-born ſorcecers muſt be brought low.
Britannia muſt reſign the ſtygian pair.

Americ. Britannia, once, was generous like thee,
The firmeſt friend fair Elutheria knew,
Like thee theſe ſtygian ſorcecers ſhe abhor'd,—
But thoſe fair days of innocence are flown;

Witneſs her claim to fair Hibernia's iſle,
Supported ſolely by the frantic will
Of ſome wild ſavage, centuries ago;
This ſavage, though a villain was a prince,
And ſo Britannia's boaſted right divine
Is good, ſince granted by a ſcoundrel prince.
The juſt Britannia's policy hath been
To treat Hybernia as a vanquiſh'd foe,
Throughout the courſe of theſe ſad centuries;
And if Hybernia, now, who, like her tyrant
Britannia's ſelf, has in that ſpace of time,
Emerg'd from gothic darkneſs into light,
Should dare to controvert this honeſt claim;
Should boldly own that ſhe will not be bound
To ſerve the acts of fools ſo long expir'd;
What follows then? Blood! blood and deſolation.
E'en ſo, juſt ſo, my dear, my only friend,
Had been the fate of me and theſe my ſons,
Had not kind Heaven in pity to mankind,
To myriads of oppreſs'd Europa's ſons,
Plac'd yonder bleſt Atlantic 'twixt us two.

Fulme. Witneſs the murders of her dogs of war,
Her bloodhounds in the fair prolific fields
Of the once happy, innocent and mild,
But ever infant like, and feeble India;
Fields, ſmoaking now with ſtreams of native gore.
And why theſe murders? O ye Powers Divine!
This hideous carnage? O my ſhuddering ſoul!
All, all to rank a few of her proud traders
With ſovereign powers, by means of damning gold,
And regions raviſh'd from their lawful lords!
Witneſs the gems, of price, beyond all 'count,
Torn from the lacerated ears of queens—
Of India's murder'd queens, which now adorn
The conſcious boſom of ſome mighty dame,
Who will not even ſhade thoſe gifts of horror,

When proudly condeſcending to addreſs
The ſource of mercy: though herſelf and all,
Know well, that every ſtone hath been procur'd
By murder's bloody hand, to gain her favour.
To this add couches form'd of maſſive gold,
That ſhe and her dull lord may ſleep in ſtate,
With mounts of minted oar for humbler minds
Who have ſome ſhame, and ſmaller pieces chooſe
Of this curſt metal; pieces thin and round
And ſtamp'd, in general, with an aſs's head—
Such can be ſlip'd aſide, and hid with eaſe.
Theſe ſmall but powerful taliſmans were brought
By titled ruffians from fair India's ſhores.
With theſe they ſeal'd mean grandeur's dirty lips:
With theſe they ſeal'd the brawling mouth of law:
With theſe vile things they brib'd e'en ſhameleſs juſtice
To pluck the bandage from her eyes and view,
The yellow ſpoil, to count her proper ſhare,
And let the murderers enjoy their own.

Americ. Thus wandering wontonly from virtue's ways,
Purſuing every path that's pointed out
By Typhon and Faſtidio's fatal hand,
Britannia's devious footſteps long are loſt
In a ſad labyrinth of crooked ways,
In artful mazes, traced by cunning policy,
Which ſoon, I'll let her ſee, will end in ſhame.
Or if ſhe tread a ſtraight and public road,
Her march is ſo preſumptuous, aud her air
As arrogant, as though ſhe deem'd herſelf
Entitled to monopolize ſelf-love.
Yet ſure ſhe knows the world abhors her pride,
And ſure ſhe knows ſhe ruſhes on to ruin.

Galiana. Yes, yet ſhe will keep on, or cannot ſtop:
Like him, who from the ſummit of a hill

Is puſh'd by ſome power irreſiſtible,
Down the dire precipice ; and though he ſees
A loathſome pit beneath, in which is lodg'd
A monſtrous brood of ſerpents, who diſplay
Their horrid jaws and wield their poiſonous ſtings ;
The wretch is on his way, nor can he ſtop,
To pauſe or think on his approaching fate ;
But ſlides, and ruſhes headlong to deſtruction.

Fulme. Behold the fate of every homicide who wears a crown ;
Of every homicide who wears it not ;
As ſtates republican who ſcorn theſe toys,
Theſe glittering baubles, ſo eſteem'd by kings ;
While oft this ſcorn is affectation all ;
While oft they love the power by theſe confer'd,
More than the ſacred rules of truth and juſtice ;
And put in practice every vice of royalty.
Reſplendent Greece ! thou congregated blaze
Of every ray, of every human virtue ;
How art thou fallen, and fall'n to riſe no more !
Could thy grave ſages of immortal fame,
And thy renowned legiſlators, ſee
Their ſons now dwindled to a race of ſlaves ;
Proſtrate before a wretch they once would ſcorn
To hire to plow their patrimonial fields ;
Proſtrate before the ſavage race of Ottoman,
Would they not own thy want of private virtues,
More than the vice of kings hath brought thee low ?
But chiefly thou, once univerſal queen,
Head of the ancient world, imperial Rome !
Whoſe ſober ſmile fill'd monarchs with delight ;
Whoſe dreadful frown o'erturn'd their thrones in ruin ;
Whoſe awful nod was fate ; what art thou now ?
Could thy philoſophers, whoſe very names,
Pronounc'd by modern lips procure eſteem ;
Could they behold thy preſent ſtate of ruin,

Would not they own thy want of private virtue.
Thy ſhameleſs negligence of public juſtice,
Have prov'd as fatal as the vice of kings?

Americ. What *can* theſe kings, however ill diſpos'd,
What *can* theſe princes however vile,
If unſupported by a proud nobility? [*Galiana ſtarts.*
If not upheld by theſe, they're ſhadows all.
'Twas private vanity that firſt confer'd,
With cautious prudence, a limited power
On mortal kings, and ſet them up on high
To ſerve as mirrors and reflect the charms
Of overweening pride, and love of ſelf;
T'officiate as a lens whoſe focal point
May cloſe concentrate every ray of vanity,
And throw reciprocal the luſtre back
On the proud aſpirers who firſt plac'd it there.
And is it ſtrange if mortal kings neglect
Their duty to ſuch ſelfiſh creatures,
And ſcatter round, as royal whim directs
Theſe envied rays; or elſe abſorb them all?
Human nature known, it were not ſtrange.
For man, alas! too oft forgets his duty
To the Creator of this beauteous world,
That generous God who had no ſelfiſh views,
When he made man the lordly chief of all.

[*Galiana aſcends the altar and takes the hand of Eluther.*

Galiana. And does the love of thee produce ſuch wiſdom?
Then will I love thee too: I would be wiſe,
Yes, maid divine! I would be wiſe indeed.

[*Kiſſes Elutheria's hand, then ſhe liſtens attentively.*

Fulme. Human nature known, it were not ſtrange.
And were it wrong, indeed, in men thus rais'd
By the pride of thoſe, who, they were well aſſur'd,
Would all be kings, if kings they all could be;
Who would be tyrants all, if all dare be ſo;

Whoſe only aim, he knew, in chuſing him
Was but to make his little highneſs ſerve
As a gay, guilded pole on which they'd hang
Their royal gew-gaws on fair feſtive days
Leſt ruſt ſhould ſpoil them:
As an automaton to trail around
The gorgeous robes of ſtate and give them air,
Leſt moths ſhould eat them.

[*Jelemmo advancing from his wing.*

Jelem. I dread, my brother, leſt you ſhould forget
Your new automaton's moſt ſerious duty.

Fulme. To ſave from ruſt and moth ſuch precious things
Is ſurely ſerious.

Jelem. O! a very nothing, to the great end for which he was ordain'd:
For, above all, th'automaton ſhould learn
To draw, with air ſublime, the ſword of ſtate,
To lay it gently on the vacant ſcull
Of each dull, would-be marquis, count and duke,
As on one knee they bent with air demure;
Then bid their muſhroom lordſhips riſe and reign!
While they, all ſhelter'd by his royal name,
May uſe without control the regal power;
Like right royal noblemen of Venice:
A race of worthies they, who well deſerve
To lodge a night within the royal bed
Of their ſov'reign's wife, the—Adriatic ſea.

Galiana. Ye powers divine, what language do I hear!
Theſe tranſatlantic ſpirits how they talk!
How daring this!——and yet how noble all,
And all inſpir'd, dear injur'd maid, by thee!

Fulme. But to return——were it wrong indeed,
If kings, made ſuch, by ill deſigning men,
Should prove ungrateful, and ſhould turn away
This lens, Americana juſt has mention'd,

From his creators, and ſhould caſt its rays
On men more virtuous, more diſintereſted;
If to do thus he had both will and power?
To merit praiſe this man muſt be ungrateful.
A vice in others were in him a virtue.
The only kindneſs he could do his people,
Were to deſpiſe the wretches who betrayed them;
To ſpurn the rotten ſcaffolding away,
By which he mounted to the height of power.

Jelem. Where were the makers, then, of mortal kings?
All, all o'erwhelm'd with ſhame and diſappointment.
Pygmalion's ſtatue ſelf-directed moves!
She flies her maker, now, and ſcorns his paſſion.
The gay automaton, where is he now?
High on the pinnacle of mortal glory,
He looks below, and laughs them all to ſcorn;
And he who once was govern'd, governs all.

Americ. And ſhould he now; automaton no more,
Govern with juſtice, mix'd with tender mercy,
How bleſt, how happy were his native land!

Fulme. Yes, queen of genii, could he live for ever,
For then he'd leave no heirs, no ſucking queens,
No mighty ſov'reign lords of ſix weeks old;
No vile, intrig'ing, regent mother then,
No favorites of this ſtrumpet regent then;
No wicked court, to ſhame and honour loſt,
And more deſtructive far than war and peſtilence;
And more deſtructive yet than fire and famine.
Sweet peace will cure the aching wounds of war,
And ſhivering winter's breath will kill the plauge;
The neighbouring ſtream can quench the raging fire,
And ſmiling crops drive hunger far away:
But, oh! what cure can wretched mortals find
For th'innumerable griefs, the nameleſs woes
Inflicted on a loſt, a hopeleſs nation,

By this abſurd hereditary right;
Which but a few ambitious wicked men,
Who'd fain be nobles, have confer'd on kings!

Galiana. My bleeding ſoul, alas, but too well knows
That ever dear, that loſt, that hopeleſs nation!

Americ. But our imaginary king muſt die.

Jeem. E'en while an inſtrument in wicked hands,
I lov'd our poor automaton, indeed,
Becauſe I did ſuppoſe that he had ſpirit,
And would chaſtiſe the knaves who made him ſuch;
And when I view'd him on his lofty throne,
I lov'd him then; automaton no more;
Becauſe I did ſuppoſe that he had virtue,
And that he'd prove a bleſſing to his country.
But, as my ſov'reign ſays, the man muſt die:
Yes; queen of genii, yes!

Omnes Americans. Ah! what a pity.

Fulme. And this good man, all juſt as we've ſuppos'd him,
Will leave his crown and ſcepter to his race.

Jelem. As ſure as truth's in heaven he will do ſo.

Fulme. But will he leave his virtues to his race?

Jelem. As ſure as truth's in heaven he can't do ſo.

Fulme. As ſure as truth's in heaven, then, every woe
I juſt now mention'd, and ten thouſand more
Will from an ocean of corruption flow,
Wave after wave, in gentle undulation,
Until at length, a ſpring-tide full of miſeries
Swells to its height and inundates the land.

Omnes. O dreadful thought!

Galiana. O unhappy people!

Jelem. Yon heaven is juſt; and guilty indolence

In youthful nations, as in youthful men,
Should only look for misery in age.
Had every nation in her prime of life,
Check'd these aspiring men, these would-be-lords,
These makers of automatons and crowns,
Of royal trinkets, sceptres, strings and stars,
Th'automaton had never been a king :
Had never left a crown to his vile race,
And these calamities had never been.
Such, careless, heedless nations well deserve,
To wake in horrors, to be rous'd from sleep
By royal tigers tearing out their bowels.

Galiana. Ah! [*Shrieks, and throws her arms round Elutheria.*

Americ. What disturbs the queen of genii thus?

Galiana. These cruel friends of thine tear out my heart!
Awake, thou maid divine, and bid them spare me.

Americ. Let us forbear; I pray you drop this theme.
[*Jelemmo retires to the Virginia wing.*

Galiana. Better to sleep eternity's wide round
[*Coming down from the altar.*
Than be rous'd up to woes, to nameless horrors,
To black despair, without one cheerful ray
Of blessed hope to gild the hideous gloom.
[*Walks about disturbed——a pause of silence.*
What have I said?——I would I could recall it.
The mighty Galiana without hope!
She who can make surrounding nations tremble,
Should she resign herself to black despair,
And say she has no hope? no hope from this!
[*Drawing her sword.*
'Tis hopes own self! bright, sparkling, heavenly hope!
Celestial beam how could I thus forget thee?
Thou by my side, how dare despair approach me?
Thou giv'st new life and vigor to my soul!

At ſight of thee I'm all myſelf again!
Some ſtrange unuſual glooms *(to Americana)* oppreſs my mind,
And ſhook me ſo——I muſt not look that way.
I fear, my deareſt friend, I have diſturb'd thee;
But I will make thee ſuch a rich amends!

[*Mounts her car—Fulmenifer at the ſame time in his—aſcend together.*

Americ. Yonder the banners of the brave Etherius,
Wave ſportive o'er the hero's noble form,
As he ſerenely heads his warlike bands
In union with great Galiana's powers.

Jelem. Come then, my friends, let's quit this much lov'd place
And join Etherius in th'etherial ſpace;
And, as we dart along the azure ſky,
Proclaim, to every power that dwells on high,
We neither fight for treaſures nor applauſe;
But to ſupport our violated laws,
And heaven-born Elutheria's ſacred cauſe.

[*Exeunt two and two.*

Americ. And, now alone, my liſt'ning ear, in vain,
To hear the voice of friendſhip ſtill inclines:
The ſoothing accents ceaſe, and all is huſh;
The charming forms are gone, and all is gloom.
Their looks, their words engag'd mine eyes and ears,
And, thus poſſeſs'd, my diſſipated grief
Was half forgot; but now the charm is flown
That lull'd my woes, my agony returns
With tenfold force, and I am all deſpair.

[*Stage dark—thunder.*

Already war! already horrid war
Commences in the vaſt etherial plains!
The conteſt elementary now rages,
And mighty genii riding on the clouds

Form magazines of thunderbolts and fire!
But when, O when, will this tremendous ſcene
Be chang'd for happineſs and ſoft repoſe?
Not until thou, O maid divine, again
(Going up the altar.)
Appear'ſt in all thy former health and beauty:
But, O that day! when ſhall that day appear?
Perhaps not ſoon——excruciating thought!
Perhaps——O death! that day will never dawn!
O horror! O diſtraction! O deſpair!
[*Throwing her arms round Elutheria.*

Veſp. Never until this ſad eventful day,
Saw I that heavenly frame of mind diſturb'd:
Ever ſerene as ſome fair vernal morn;
But now the change is terrible indeed!

Americ. I hear a voice, a ſweet melodious voice,
[*Riſing.*
I know it well, and know 'twould talk of peace.

Veſp. Would anguiſh let me I would ſpeak of comfort,
And bleſt were I to calm my ſov'reign's ſorrows.

Americ. Seeſt thou yon low-hung cloud that gives the tempeſt?

Veſp. Queen of genii, yes, midway the mount
It pendent reſts and threatens all below.

Americ. Go thou and thruſt thine head thro' her dark ſide;
Then uſe thy ſoft perſuaſive eloquence,
Bid the rude rattling thunderbolts lie ſtill,
And calm the angry tempeſt into peace.
Canſt thou do this?

Veſp. How deep is this deſpair! [*Omnes*] alas! alas!

Americ. Away! begone! and leave me to my woes,
Or I ſhall fly to yonder barren rock,

And drown this tempeſt with my louder cries!
[*Thunder——lightning.*
There, as I yonder ſtand in th'open air,
This arm ſhall fold thee, thou dear injur'd fair,
While this hand rends my looſe neglected hair.
There with the lightning blazing round my head,
I'll mourn my precious Elutheria dead.
And though no tender ſoul of mortal race
Be near this fatal, melancholy place,
To mourn my hapleſs fate depriv'd of thee,
Or ſhed one ſympathetic tear with me;
Yet ſhall I not bewail thy fall alone;
When mournful Allegana hears me moan
She'll echo through her caverns every groan.
The ſavage brutes, that range the woods below,
Will look aloft, and wonder at my woe.
Some ſoften'd tigreſs, who juſt loſt her young,
Whoſe heart with anguiſh like my own is wrung,
Will feel my grief, when my complaint ſhe hears
She'll pity my diſtreſs and lick her trickling tears.
[*Throws herſelf proſtrate on the upper ſtep of the altar——nymphs all in tears——curtain falls ſlow, to a melancholy air.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE——The Hall of Union, entirely hung with black——the canopy over Elutheria covered with a black veil; as likwise the Union circle——Vesperia in mourning on the upper step of the altar; the nymphs, likewise in mourning, standing on the lower steps—— curtain rises slowly, to the music of the following dirge.

DIRGE, *by Vesperia.*

Bright ſource of day, thou glorious ſun!
  Oft haſt thou ran thine annual race,
Since firſt our miſeries begun;
  Since laſt we ſaw thy cheerful face.

Chorus nympharum.

Since firſt our miſeries begun;
  Since laſt we ſaw thy cheerful face.

And in thy ſtead yon languid blaze,
  Which fate forbids to burn more bright,
We've kept alive; its feeble rays
  But ſhew the horrors of the night.

Chorus.

We've kept alive, &c. &c.

Hence, idle joy, nor here delay
  Or thine unfeeling follies hide:
We've ſhun'd the cheerful beams of day
  Since lovely Elutheria died.

Chorus.

We've ſhun'd, &c. &c.

Sweet meek-eyed melancholy ſtay,
  And ever guard yon clay-cold bed,

Drive each intruding bliſs away,
And mourn fair Elutheria dead.

Chorus nympharum.

Drive each intruding bliſs away,
And mourn fair Elutheria dead.

Veſp. O where, Americana, art thou now?
Whither, O queen of genii, art thou flown?
Why haſt thou left thy fearful nymphs behind thee,
Expos'd to dangers from ſuperior ſpirits
Inimical to virtue and to thee? [*All nymphs come down.*
Preſerve me Power Supreme.—— Who yonder comes?

Omnes nymphæ. Ah! (*Shrieking*)

Veſp. Be calm, ſweet nymphs, behold our dear Jelemmo. [*Enter Jelemmo.*
May ever-blooming flowers ſpring up to grace
Each ſpot, in which my ſoul's ſelected friend,
Shall ever place his foot, for this relief.
Oh! never did thy ever welcome preſence
Afford ſuch conſolation to my ſoul
As in this moment, my celeſtial friend!
[*Taking his hand.*
How admirable this! how I revive!
How ſtrong I feel with virtue by my ſide!

Jelem. My ever charming, ever kind Veſperia!

Veſp. And muſt I aſk, although I dread to hear
Thine anſwer to my queſtion——yet forbear,
Thou needſt not tell me of Americana;
I know ſhe rages in the fields of war,
By Galianas or Etherius' ſide.
And yet ſhe told not me; 'twas frenzy all;
Her every action ſpoke the dire deſign.
She ſprung from yonder ſpot, where long ſhe lay
[*Pointing to the steps.*
Entranc'd in grief——but oh, my heavenly friend!

What terrors ſeiz'd theſe wand'ring nymphs and me,
When we beheld our ſov'reign's awful air,
Her manner then! It cannot be deſcrib'd—
Her every motion!——No——I muſt be ſilent.

Jelem. And why ſhouldſt thou be ſilent, ſweeteſt nymph?

Veſp. 'Twas ſuch a diſcompoſure of the ſoul,
That, were I to deſcribe it too minutely,
I fear I ſhould be failing in my duty,
If ſhe indeed were wrong.

Jelem. Can virtue err?

Veſp. But what a vain procraſtination this!
For I, at length muſt hear Jelemmo ſpeak,
However agonizing his report;
For, well I know Jelemmo's ſent to me.
Speak then my friend, and——O my fainting ſoul!

Jelem. As yet, thou ſcarce haſt caſt an eye upon me.

Veſp. Oh! pardon me; I dreaded to behold thee,
Heaven-wiſh'd-for, leſt thy looks proclaim
Americana's fate——aſtoniſhment!
What do I behold?——An air of joy!

Jelem. Wonder, Veſperia, at my moderation;—
I do not ſpring and mix among the ſtars;
I do not burſt out with a frantic cry
Of wild intemperate joy, though——Typhon's taken!

Omnes nymphæ. Ah! [*A ſhriek of joy.*

Veſp. A moment——let me——let me——lean upon thee. [*Sinking on Jelemmo's bosom.*

Jelem. With Faſtidio taken——both Veſperia!
[*Vesperia recovers, runs up the altar and kisses Eluther.*

Veſp. Now Elutheria, now the hour arrives
When thou wilt riſe, and riſe to fall no more!
[*Deſcends, exit haſtily, and returns immediately.*

Accompany me hence, *(takes Jelemmo's hand)* my
deareſt friend.
For I have ſworn, moſt ſolemnly have ſworn
Ne'er t'indulge a joy in this ſad place
Before I ſaw Americana happy.
Come, e'er thy friend be perjur'd, let us hence!
Come, pour into my long afflicted ſoul
The balm of peace, thou meſſenger of heaven!
[*Exeunt ambo, nymphis ſecuti.*

Scene changes to the lawn before the pavilion of Americana—viz. the ſame as in act ſecond.

Enter Jelemmo and Veſperia, followed by nymphs.

Veſp. O ſay not ſo, and think me not ſo cool.
I wait th'arrival of no other chief
To tell the glorious tale: no; though thy tongue
Could liſp but infant accents I would hear thee,
And hang upon thy words. Do thou proceed.
Give me the outlines, and my active ſoul
With vivid tints will animate the piece.

Jelem. When Galiana mounted in her car
In order to aſcend and join Etherius,
We follow'd ſoon, Veſperia will remember,
And join'd them there, and all prepar'd for war.
But judge th'aſtoniſhment that ſeized us all
When we beheld our dear Americana,
Like Galiana arm'd, like her array'd
In a gay, warlike amazonian dreſs,
Spring lightly from her car, embrace her friend,
Unſheath her ſword, and then proclaim aloud
Her firm reſolve to emulate, that day,
The warlike deeds of her immortal friend.
That moment both the immortal amazons
Arrang'd themſelves beneath Etherius's banners.
Scarce the blue vault of heaven had ceas'd to ring
With the loud ſhouts of our delighted friends,
When the great genius of the Britiſh iſle,

The ſtern Britannia loudly gives the word.
It ſeem'd that inſtant two contending tempeſts
Too long pent up in adverſe points of heaven,
Had burſt their priſons and had ruſh'd together!

Veſp. O dreadful ſcene! how terrible to view!

Jelem. Oft did our forces fly, and oft purſue
Britannia's flying legions thro' yon ſpace
Immenſe and boundleſs; now, they ſpring aloft
High in the air, and act ſuch feats of war
As great and powerful genii only can.
The clouds of heaven exhauſted of their fires,
We downward dart and plunge into the deep,
To ranſack ocean's ſecret ſtore for arms;
Hurl rocks of coral at each other's heads,
Enough to daſh proud Europe's fleet to atoms.
Old Ocean's ſelf ſeems all inflam'd with rage,
And like ſome mighty chaldron, yon Atlantic
Boils up and foams; while men, miſtaken men,
In plunging thro' the waves, now mountains high,
Aſcribe to adverſe winds the hideous ſtorms.

Veſp. Blind to the wonders of the world of ſpirits.

Jelem. High on the back of an enormous whale,
That ſhakes for fear, Americana ſtands
With godlike Galiana by her ſide;
This is Britannia's element, they cry;
Come Typhon, come, and aſſert thy ſov'reign's claim!
Typhon hears not, but many others hear;
All ruſh upon the immortal amazons;
But all, my charming friend, as quick retire,
Howling and ſmarting with the wounds they bore.

Veſp. How is my aſtoniſh'd ſoul in wonder loſt!

Jelem. But oh Veſperia! this wide world will own,
With anguiſh own the queen of Brittiſh genii,
Is queen of ocean too; that Neptune's ſelf
Is more ſubſervient to Britannia's will,
Is more enamour'd of Britannia's charms,

Than e'er he was with Amphitrite of old.
Our brave Etherius, this experienc'd ſoon.
Diſguſted at this too unequal combat,
He leaves the ocean to the ocean's queen,
And her adoring ſlave, the god of ſeas.
Towards this wide continent he waves his hand ;
His forces follow him—his foes purſue.
Near Allegana's baſe he rang'd his ranks ;
Typhon his forces in like order draws.
High on a lofty cliff that fac'd the ſouth
Britannia ſtood ; while our fair amazons,
Americana and her charming friend,
To her oppos'd, ſtood by their general's ſide,
The thirteen ſtripes light waving o'er their heads.

Veſp. A charming ſcene ; but oh, 'tis dreadful too.

Jelem. Oft with the lance our two fair amazons
Would ardent ſtrike their loud reſounding ſhields,
Expreſſive of their eagerneſs to fight.
The brave Etherius, urg'd by his own ardour,
And by th'entreaties of the two fair friends,
Now looks to heaven, and gives aloud the word—
The word was Elutheria.
Veſperia knows that all of genii race
Can, when they will, extend to wondrous ſize
Their ample forms : this power our foes aſſume,
Gladly aſſume, as ever prone to pride,
To ſtrutting arrogance and oſtentation.

Veſp. I know it well, and often have I thought
That Britiſh genii, counting from their queen,
Down to the meaneſt gnome that haunts her court,
Or ſmalleſt merman of her watry empire ;
Are all compos'd, without the leaſt alloy,
Of pure and unadulterated arrogance.
How oft have I been ſhock'd, how oft diſguſted,
To ſee, e'en menials of Britannia's train,

Rudely obtrude themſelves into our preſence,
To ſize enormous ſwoln ; tho' well they knew
Americana's gentle ſoul abhor d
That firſt and worſt of ſins, deteſted pride.

Jelem. We, then, by dire neceſſity compell'd,
Aſſume that power by heaven confer'd on us,
As on our foes, and raiſe our heads as high.

Veſp. And ſo reſembl'd them—this I regret.

Jelem. Now, quick as thought, each adverſe party grows
To height tremendous, every individual
Seems like ſome lofty ſteeple's dazzling ſize !
Then, each begrim'd with fury, turns t'his foe
With tenfold rage—and deſolation reigns.
Our former fight, was infant ſport to this.
Here ſome, who hurl'd their ſpears to pierce their foes,
For want of other arms, would ſpring aloft,
Pluck pendent maſſes of the mountain down ;
The unconnected fragments as if mad
To have their long repoſe diſturb'd, would ruſh
Down from their maſſy couches on the heads
Of all below, and mow whole legions down.
Here, ſome would pluck whole foreſts by their roots
To daſh the timbers at each other's heads ;
Thus ſtripping far and wide the trembling hills :
Wolves, bears and panthers frighted at the blaze
Of day abrupt, aſtoniſh'd thus to loſe
Their gloomy coverts in a moment's ſpace,
Run howling to the cliffs and couch for fear.

Veſp. And man, all-knowing man, when aſk'd the cauſe
Of this deſtruction, gravely will reply,
" Some earthquake hath remov'd theſe mighty rocks,
" And ſhook them from their parent mountain's brow ;
" Some whirlwind hath torn up theſe mighty plants,

" And caus'd this wide-ſpread ſcene of ſylvan ruin."

Jelem. Few are the links of that great chain of beings,
From man extending up to Nature's God,
Can mortal know; each link *below* his own,
As few in number, obvious to his ſenſe,
He may, if ſtudious, know, and knowing well,
Will ſurely ſcorn, unleſs he wiſdom love;
Few wiſdom love; all others will adore
With fervour, what they comprehend the leaſt.
How happy then, this inconſiſtent being
Can never ſee the links *above* his own;
Can never know the length of this bright chain!
For could he ſo, have we not cauſe to fear,
That he would ſlight——excruciating thought!
Not only ſlight—perhaps the wretch would ſcorn
The wondrous whole, the whole alike well known.

Veſp. Now, how, and by whoſe hand Faſtidio fell,
And Typhon his abhor'd aſſociate
I fain would learn. The great and warlike deeds
By brave Etherius done, and by his friends,
Nay e'en thine own, however dear to me,
I ſeek not now, my heavenly friend, to hear,
E'en ſhould thy modeſty permit th'recital.
Americana's actions, for this moment,
Muſt be thy theme. Will now my friend proceed?

Jelem. Long did Americana and her friend,
The dreadful Galiana, ſide by ſide,
In clearing for themſelves a road to Typhon,
Spread horror and deſpair around the field.
At length they reach that region of the war
Where Typhon and Faſtidio were engag'd
With brave Etherius and his faithful friend.
The queens of genii order both away;
Begone, they cry to their reſpective chiefs;

Elſewhere employment ſeek; but leave this place,
And leave theſe two to our chaſtiſing arms.
With deep regret theſe two brave generals,
Th'American and French obey the voice,
The awful voice of their reſpective countries,
And quit that ſpot to ſeek a meaner foe.
The genii of America and France,
Like two bright amazons, on one ſide view
The genii of fell tyranny and pride
To them oppos'd, and all prepar'd for combat.
Silent as death and terrible as hell,
The four tremendous ſpirits view their foe.
Their boſoms ſwoln with unextinguiſh'd hate,
They run each other o'er with eyes of fire.
Each draws a ſword; each lifts a mighty arm;
And deals ſuch ſtrokes as mortal never thought:
Their lighteſt blow would mow whole armies down
Of Adam's feeble race!—ten thouſand blows,
And every blow ten thouſand times more fierce,
Fall quick, fall clattering as the hailſtones fall
O'er the reſounding roof of ſome vaſt edifice,
On the huge head of the diſmay'd Faſtidio,
And on the head o'the now aſtoniſh'd Typhon.

Veſp. How is my ſov'reign chang'd, ye powers divine!

Jelem. This to avoid, the monſters ſpring aloft,
Shoot through a cloud, and cloſely at their heels
The dreadful amazons with ſhouts purſue.
Out of the wide aperture ſhrieking ſtorms,
Which, long in embryo ſtruggling, ſtrove for vent,
And infant thunders, panting to be born,
Ruſh from the clouds' torn entrails, darting down,
Spread terror and diſmay among the ſons of Adam.

Veſp. Did they continue long beyond the view
Of friends, of foes? how terrible this thought!

Jelem. Long indeed, my ever deareſt friend!

Long did they fight envelop'd in that ſhade.
At length fell Typhon and the ſtern Faſtidio,
With horrid imprecations ruſh below;
The amazons quickly follow.—Now they gain
The trembling earth, and there renew the fight.
Now Typhon and Faſtidio change their plan:
They ſpring aloft; but not to flee away;
But with deſign, as hungry vultures do,
To dart upon their prey with ten fold force.
This done, they pour upon th'amazons' heads,
A ſhower of blows; each ſtroke enough to cleave
From head to foot yon adamantine rock!
In turn our heroines ſpring 'bove their foes,
As ſtrong wing'd Falcons o'er their quarry ſpring,
And, with their lance turn'd downwards, plunge upon them,
And pierce them from the ſhoulders to the knees.
This well-directed blow diſables them
From riſing more; they now fight foot to foot.
Ten thouſand times their brandiſh'd jav'lins blaze
Like the dire tails of four contending comets.
Ten thouſand wounds, wide as the yawning caves
That perforate, our Allegana's ſides,
Gape in the hideous ſides of fainting Typhon,
And in the ſides of the immenſe Faſtidio.
At length they ſtagger, like two tumbling towers
Shook by an earthquake—now—they groan—they fall.

Veſp. What muſic in that ſyllable!—they fall!
Repeat it, O my dear, my charming ſiſters!
Repeat th' harmonious ſounds, my fair Americans!

Chorus of nymphs.

Chorus. At length they ſtagger, like two tumbling towers,
Like two tumbling towers,
Shook by an earthquake,

Shook by an earthquake,
Shook by an earthquake,
And now—they groan—they fall!

[*Veſperia ruſhes into their arms; they ſurround her, embrace her, and each other——Veſperia turns to Jelemmo.*

Jelem. Whole foreſts craſh beneath this pond'rous bulk,
Like ſlender reeds beneath the feet of man.
Loud ſhouts of tranſport rend the vaulted ſkies,
From our exulting legions; while our foes
Stare in ſilence——torpid with amazement.

Veſp. Where ſtood Britannia then? ſtill on the rock?

Jelem. Yes, Veſperia, till that very moment.

Veſp. What ſaid Britannia then!——O then what did ſhe do!

Jelem. The moment Typhon and Faſtidio fell,
A ſhriek of wild aſtoniſhment eſcapes her!
She ſpreads her ſhining wings—She darts below!
She views fall'n Typhon with a look of horror;
She views Faſtidio with a look of anger;
The panting amazons with looks of wonder;
And then with looks in which all three were blended;
While all around, a death-like ſilence reigns.
Our good Fulmenifer, who, through this war,
(As knowing that neceſſity's ſtern voice
Call'd Elutheria's potent friends away)
Stood vigil on the chryſtal rock that crowns
The ſummit of this pavilion.——

Veſperia & nymphs. Good heavens!

Jelem. Why this ſurpriſe?

Veſp. I pray thee heed us not.
Proceed, my friend, I would not loſe one word.
Thine ev'ry word is worth a world to me!

Jelem. Fulmenifer (who from his lofty ſtand,
Beheld this wond'rous, pleaſing, heavenly ſcene!)
Now flies below; lights at Britannia's ſide,
Betwixt her and the breathleſs amazons.
In deep ſurpriſe th'angelic form ſhe views;
She recollects that once ſhe knew him well;
That, once ſhe did, as did the world beſide,
Admire his knowledge, and his virtues love.
She graceful bows and with reſpect attends
To what that awful ſpirit had to ſay.

Veſp And did my friend, our worthy brother hear?

Jelem. I heard him not. Fulmenifer's ſweet voice
Was ſoft, was gentle as the vernal breeze
When not one cloud diſturbs the riſing dawn.
I wiſh'd to hear; I mov'd my wearied feet
To where he ſtood, now join'd by brave Etherius
And his good friend, the Gallic general,
Who, near exhauſted as they were themſelves,
Supported each his almoſt breathleſs queen.
Americana ſtopt me with a look;
Gaz'd languid on me, while a mournful ſmile
Adorn'd her charming, intereſting face.
She turn'd her radient eyes toward this fair pavilion.
Well did I gueſs my queen's maternal thought:
Her air beſeeching, ſpoke full plain theſe words:
" Go hence, my ſon, to poor Veſperia go;
" Speak comfort to her long afflicted ſoul."
But why that exclamation at the name
Of our rever'd Fulmenifer, ſweet nymphs?

Veſp. O had we known Fulmenifer ſo near
What nameleſs horrors had our ſouls been ſpar'd!

Jelem. You knew it not?

Veſp. And is not that moſt ſtrange?

Jelem He left this place to accompany his queen
Through yonder fatal ocean as he knew

The accurſed Typhon was ſo far remov'd
From yon ſad hall where Elutheria reſts.
And on our total rout; for ſuch it was!
Fulmenifer attended her to land,
And finding now the dreadful Typhon near
The ſacred ſpot where his ſoul's goddeſs lies,
He from that moment took his ſtand on high,
And kept both friends and enemies in view.
With ſuch a ſcene forever in his eye,
How can we think he had a thought to ſpare
For any other object? Yet I know
Fulmenifer revers thy gentle virtues.

Veſp. Oh, I abſolve him! well he knew our ſafety.
We might have gueſs'd, ſweet nymphs, we might have known,
Our own Fulmenifer was ſomewhere near;
But O, we knew it not!

Jelem. Ah, what a pity!

Veſp. A ſenſe of that, of blameleſs, pure ſelf-pity
Draws tears, this moment, from the lovely eyes
Of theſe poor nymphs, as well as from my own.

Jelem. O, my ſweet friends, your terrors muſt be great!

Veſp. O never, never have mine eyes, mine ears,
Heard, or beheld the war of elements,
So very horrible, and ſo inceſſant!
No, not one ſecond, for that ſpace, ſo long,
Has the blue lightning ceas'd to pour in ſtreams,
Uuintermitted, cloſe connected ſtreams!
A wide ſpread tent of fire involv'd us all!
A pavilion of fire ſurrounded ours!
But, mighty Lord! no door was to be ſeen!
No window for eſcape! though all hell's powers
Were to break through upon us.—Thus we thought.
What, tears again! now fie upon theſe tears!

Ceaſe my ſweet ſiſters——tears are ſelfiſh now.

Jelem. Much I lament, indeed, you have not known,
That all around, without that wall of fire,
Were many friends, inceſſantly employ'd,
In cauſing thunder clouds from far and near,
To roll within th' attraction of that rod,
Held by the indefatigable hand
Of our Fulmenifer. I often rais'd,
While in the plains below, my enquiring eyes,
To view this mighty rock, on which we dwell;
But never once enjoy'd the pleaſing view.
A hideous cloud, as black as Egypt's plague,
Hung dreadful o'er its wide extended top,
Which howl'd aloud, like angry Etna howl'd,
And pour'd down ſheets of flame electrical,
Like Niagara's everlaſting cataract!

Veſp. E'en ſo, juſt ſo, my ever deareſt friend!
And thro' that dreadful interval of time,
We've not beheld the face of friend or foe.

Jelem. This vaſt profuſion of great nature's ſtores
Was indiſpenſable for your protection;
But above all, for that of Elutheria,
Whom every virtuous ſoul will love like life.
Malignant genii might have glided in,
Envelop'd in the gloom of ſilent night,
And from your ſolitary dwelling ſtol'n
That helpleſs fair, the loſs of whom would make
Each true American's ſucceeding days,
As worthleſs as the dirt on which he walks.
Fulmenifer knew well, that evil ſpirits
Are by their baleful paſſions ſo debas'd,
So mortalized, that each electric ſtroke,
However oft repeated, ſhocks their frames
With ſo much violence, that they will own,

The fires of hell give not ſuch frightful pain.
But, ruſhing through a thunder cloud, the fiends
Regard the matter not—as then quieſcent.
Its wonderful activity alone,
Once having torn the cloud, diſmays and ſtuns,
And kills their reaſon.

Veſp. Moſt ſure my friend remembers,
I once was witneſs to this bleſt effect
On both th audacious, overbearing fiends
In yonder hall.

Jelem. If then, th'electric ſtream,
When once they fall, ſhould pour inceſſant down,
Though they died not, they never more could riſe.
How then could your Fulmenifer deſcend
To comfort you? Invariably employ'd
In winding round his head ſublime, that rod,
That awful rod, the fires of heaven obey.

Veſp. Excuſe him not: I bluſh at my impatience.
At having blam'd both him and you, and—all.

Jelem. Ah, had I known your ignorance of ſafety
Your cruel fears!——

Veſp. Pray, ſpeak of them no more.
And lo, our friend, the gentle Arianthus!

Enter Arianthus.

Arian. Now, fair Veſperia, after this long abſence
The preſence of your friends, I hope, is pleaſing.

Veſp. It ever was; but at this preſent moment
'Tis doubly ſo, my worthy Arianthus!

Arian. My duty done, I with impatience flew
In order to congratulate my friend,
And tell her that Americana comes.
Doubtleſs, my friend, Veſperia has inform'd
Of all that paſs'd, ſince laſt we ſaw this place.

Jelem. Of all that paſs'd, until I left the field.

But each tranſaction ſince, I am to learn.
I wiſh, moſt ardently, to know what paſs'd
Between Fulmenifer and great Britannia.

Arian. I heard it not, my friend, I would I had.
Their converſation ceas'd as I drew near.
But ſomething ſhock'd her, for I heard her cry
" Infernal monſters ! are ye then of hell !
" Of race ſatanic," adds th'affrighted queen,
" Immortal Powers ! how have I been deceiv'd ?
" Baſely deluded by this hell-born pair."

Jelem. A wonderful diſcovery, indeed,
And made ſo ſoon !

Veſp. She has not known them long then ?

Jelem. Only a few ſhort centuries, my fair ;
A trifling ſpace of time to us immortals.

Arian. Then giving way to tears of deep regret——

Jelem. Of deep regret, indeed I do believe it.

Arian. I mean repentance, or remorſe, or——

Jelem. Well ;
Then giving way to tears of *deep regret.*
I contradict thee not.

Arian. She ſadly cries,
" Hapleſs Hybernia ! ill-entreated princeſs !
" Ahou'rt well aveng'd, behold thy proſtrate foes."

Jelem. Thou ſayſt that ſhe was ſhock'd : I ſee ſhe was,
And has been ſhaken well by——by——remorſe,
Or ſomething elſe, or ſhe had never thought
Of poor Hybernia——now as meek as peace,
She'll ſooth her ſiſter : nay, perhaps embrace her,
And graciouſly will ſtrike a link or two
From poor Hybernia's everlaſting chains.

Arian. Then frowning on them ; once to her ſo dear !
She ſpurns them both, and ſtraight their hideous *bulk*
Shrinks to the ſtandard of the human race.
Then whiſpering one of her ſurrounding train,
Who ſtays behind, ſhe proudly ſprings aloft,
And bends her flight towards yon fair Atlantic,
Where Neptune waits in his triumphal car
To place her by his ſide, and bid his tritons
Proclaim her conqueſts o'er this vanquiſh'd land
And hail the great Britannia, ocean's queen!
There ſhe's at home.

Jclem. And there, then, let her ſtay ;
And of Britannia ſpeak no more to me.

[*Music in the air.*

Veſp. At heme more pleaſing, intereſting far,
Theſe heavenly airs announce : hark, hark! my friends,
'Tis Galiana's band ! I know it well !
Americana comes ! O life ! O light !
O joy beyond expreſſion !—huſh—they're here.

[*Americana and Galiana deſcend in their cars, each in the ſame dreſs——Amazonian habits and arms.*

Americ. At length 'tis granted to my ardent wiſh,
A moment fit for friendſhip to expreſs
Th'effuſions of the heart ; but O in vain !
My gratitude would ſpeak ; but cannot find
One word my overburden'd ſoul approves.
What ſhall I do for words ?

Galiana. But only ſo,
Juſt ſo my friend, thy looks as well as mine,
Speak volumes to each other's well-known ſoul.

Americ. Thou read'ſt that volume well then ?

Galiana. To perfection.

Americ. Away with words ! [*Embrace.*

Galiana. They're quite ſuperfluous all.

Americ. Ah my ſweet nymphs! Alas my poor Vesperia!
Long haſt thou felt——Let this make ſome amends.
[*Embrace.*

Veſp. Will bleſt Americana pardon me
If I, ſo ſoon ſhould imitate herſelf?
What ſhall I do for words?

Americ. I ſcruple not to imitate perfection,
And in the language of great Galiana,
I'll ſay to thee, "words are ſuperfluous all!
Thy looks ſpeak volumes;" ſeek for words no more.

Jelem. One of Britannia's train approaches quick.

[*Enter messenger from Britannia.*

Messen. Britannia thus Americana greets:
Hail independent ſelf-ſupported queen!
Now well convinc'd that Typhon and Faſtidio
Are of infernal race, I yield them up.

Americ. She yields them up! the captives of my power!

Galiana. How gen'rous this in her!

Americ. Extremely ſo.

Galiana. And is Britannia, then, at length convinc'd,
That Typhon and Faſtidio are of hell?

Jelem. That pride and tyranny are born of hell!

Americ. Do thou forbear, however.

Jelem. If I can.

Galiana. Pity Britannia knew not this before.

Messen. Has mighty Galiana ne'er inclined
An ear attentive to——

Americ. Of this no more.

Speak to thine errand, and to that alone.

Messen. The queen of Britiſh genii, great Britannia
Yields both to great Americana's power.
And, as a proof of her ſincerity,
She now adviſes——

Galiana. She does not command them!
How gracious is this condecenſion.

Americ. My dear friend. [*To Galiana.*
Proceed, fair ſpirit, what is her advice.

Messen. That, when fair Elutheria is reviv'd,
Typhon and Faſtidio may be ſent
Beyond the utmuſt circle of the north,
Quite to the arctick pole. There Typhon's breath
Wrapt in eternal froſt will never more
Pollute this atmoſphere: for plagues muſt ceaſe
Where hoary winter ſpreads unceaſing cold.

Americ. Moſt excellent! [*To Galiana.*

Galiana. I envy her the thought.
It pleaſes me, my friend, yes to my ſoul.

Americ. Let me indulge th'exquiſite idea.
[*Pauſing.*
Yes! chain'd for ever to the polar point
On ſome bleak, boundleſs continent of ſea
Shall pride and Tyranny forever freeze!

Galiana. Friend of my ſoul; there ever let them freeze!
Ahere bind them faſt in adamantine chains
And never let them plague this world again.

Messen. Farewell; eternal happineſs be thine.

Americ. And thine my gentle friend, farewell fair ſpirit. [*Exit Messenger.*

Jelem. Lift up thine eyes, immortal queen, and view

Thy conquering ſons advancing from the weſt,
Streaming along on denſe and pitchy clouds
With cruel Typon and Faſtidio priſoners.

[*Exit Jelemmo.*

Veſp. Ten thouſand horrors but to hear him nam'd
Invade our ſouls: how then may we endure
To have him paſs cloſe by us? Power Supreme!
They come! they're near at hand!

Omnes nymphæ. O mercy, mercy!

Americ. Whither you will, too timid nymphs, retire.

Veſp. Thus unprotected?

Arian. No my charming friends,
Let me attend you. Pray you be compos'd,
Your fears of Typhon ſhortly will be o'er.

[*Exit with nymphs.*

[*Then enter Etherius and Fulmenifer, followed by Typhon and Faſtidio, priſoners, and bound. Then Jelemmo with Galiana's general. They followed by the other twelve influencing genii—all wearing a black ſcarf about one arm; they ſalute Galiana and Americana as they paſs.*

Typhon. (*as he and Faſtidio ſlowly croſs the ſtage*) Seize
them ye furies from the loweſt hell;
Seize them and hurry them from the grateful light,
Drag them o'er rocks and mountains ſnow-bound tops,
Daſh them on ſome benighted barren coaſt,
Then at th'approach of dawn to climes remote,
Pull them through quagmires back to night again,
And let them never, never more behold
The morn ſerene, or noon of cheerful day! [*Exeunt.*

Galiana. (*advancing to front with Americana*) Aruth's
ſacred oracle I fain would hear
From thine own lips. Be quick and let us follow.

Americ. I well remember that thou waſt not preſent.
Hear, brief, the ne'er to be forgotten words.

Her deareſt friends muſt place her lifeleſs feet
On the bare necks of tyranny and pride.

Galiana. Does this wide world contain two friends of freedom ;
More juſt more faithful than thyſelf and me?
The world this knows, or ſoon, my friend, ſhall know it.

Americ. Then to compleat her cure, the wings of pride
And tyranny muſt both be cloſely clip'd.
And then a powerful fumigation made
Of the rank plumage ſhorn from either wing:
The ſtream ſulphureous quickly pervade
Each inert faculty ; and will reſtore
Unwonted pow'rs to Elutheria's frame.

Galiana. A ſpecific! by heaven a ſpecific!
I tell thee what, my friend; hell's fowleſt fen
No crocodile, no poiſonous ſerpent breeds
Which my deep loathing ſoul ſo much abhors
As it abhors that Typhon. Give him to me.
O give him to my throes! leave him to me!
What means this ling'ring here? Wilt thou not come?

Americ. Will the fond mother who beholds her boy
Sinking to death in yon Ohio's ſtream
Fly to the banks with agonizing ſhrieks
And call the heavenly powers to her aſſiſtance?

Galiana. Now, Typhon, now. [*Exeunt ambæ.*

[*Enter at oppoſite ſides, Arianthus, Veſperia, nymphs.*

Arian. Still does my fair Veſperia fear to enter
The Hall of Union?

Veſp. Yes my worthy friend.
Knowing the dreadful Typhon now ſo near,
If but a leaf be ſhaken by the wind
Theſe nymphs and I ſtart wide and ſtand aghaſt
Like guilty ones. And do the ſons of men

Endure ſuch horrors from a clam'rous conſcience?
O, if they do, I pity them indeed!
To ſpend their cheerleſs days and ſleepleſs nights
As we do now—the ſport of cruel terrors,
Till death, grim king of terror crowns them all.

Arian. Compaſſion is ever due to fears well founded,
But when vain terrors ſeize upon the ſoul,
And ſhe ſupinely yields herſelf their prey,
Should ſhe be pitied——much?

Veſp. Is this reproach?

Arian. Does Veſperia think it ſo?

Veſp. I do indeed.

Arian. Does Veſperia feel it ſuch?

Veſp. I do.

Arian. Then Veſperia is guilty.

Veſp. True, my friend.

Arian. Patriotic virtue calls us hence.

Veſp. We have been wrong; [*To nymphs.*
We muſt not perſevere.
This moment let us overcome our fears—
Give them to the winds! now for an effort!
'Tis done! ſweet nymphs, 'tis done! *(now follow me.)*
[*Exit Veſperia, nymphis ſecuta.*

Arian. (*ſolus*) My fair Americans, well done indeed!
May thy ſweet daughters, bleſt America,
Like theſe, their lovely ſiſters, evermore
Purſue, the moment duty points the way,
That path which leads to patriotic virtue.
Now let me hence to yonder ſacred hall,
There to behold a ſight; that, were I mortal,
And fortune barr'd my way to that bright ſcene,
With a huge pile of ſceptres, ſtars and crowns,
And bade me ſtop, nor move my haſty foot

One inch beyond, and all ſhould be my own,
I'd laugh at her : by yon blue arch I would!
I'd leave old fortune and her rubbiſh there!
I'd overſpring the heap of diadems,
And fly away! clear heaven! away I'd fly!

[*Exit Arianthus.*

Scene changes to the inside of the Hall of Union.

Omnes Personæ.

[*Slow music——the hall in mourning as before——nymphs and* 13 *genii, in their places, as before——Fulmenifer, towards one side, and near the front, holding Typhon——Etherius opposite to him holding Fastidio—Americana and Galiana between them——a little behind these, stands Arianthus, holding in one hand a censer, and in the other Typhon's necromantic wand——Americana advances to Fastidio——Etherius presents her with a pair of shears and spreads the wings of Fastidio for her——she begins the operation.*

Galiana. The wings of pride, ariſtocratic pride.
Clip them cloſe, Americana, cloſe.

Americ. Tis done! O may they never grow again!

[*Galiana advances to Typhon. Fulmenifer offers her another pair.*

Americ. The wings of tyranny, hell's eldeſt born;
Clip them cloſe, my Galiana, cloſe.

Galiana. Ay, to the quick——'tis done, my friend,
'tis done.

[*Americana and Galiana, hand in hand, ascend the altar; each kneels on one knee and kiss the hand of Eluthe-ria——they rise; motion to Arianthus to approach; he presents them with Typhon's wand; the genii of America and France take the magical wand of tyranny between them; they break it into small pieces and put them into the censer. They descend, preceded by Arianthus. They collect the*

clippings of the prisoners' wings ; they put them into the censer. On one knee they both blow the fire of the censer ; it kindles ; they reascend the altar ; motion to Fulmenifer and Etherius to advance with the prisoners : they are brought forward, and compelled to prostrate themselves on the upper step of the altar. Americana draws the feet of Elutheria towards the front of the altar, while Galiana supports her head. The genii of America and France place the feet of liberty on the necks of pride and tyranny ; they raise her head and bend it forward——Fulmenifer and Etherius descend. Arianthus resigns the censer to Etherius——Fulmenifer and Arianthus move to the sides. Etherius kneeling on the lower step continually waves the censer towards Elutheria——this picture continues uninterrupted some time.

The following sung by Vesperia——chorus of nymphs.

Vesp. Arise, thou maid divine, arise
And put an end to all our woes ;
Life is no life, till thine own eyes
View at thy feet thy prostrate foes.
Chorus, Life is no life, &c. &c.

Thine anxious friends await to see
Their destiny, compris'd in thine :
For if thou live, they live for thee ;
If not—all pleasure they resign.
Chorus, For if thou live, &c. &c.

Be hush, ye winds, and let me hear
If her dear lips one sigh exhale,
If her sweet breath, than mine more dear,
Gives fragrance to the passing gale.
Chorus. If her, &c. &c.

Arise thou maid divine, arise,
And put an end to all our woes ;
Life is no life, till thine own eyes
View at thy feet thy prostrate foes.
Chorus, Life is no life, &c. &c.

Americ. See! ſhe moves!

Galiana. She riſes. O ſupport her.

[*Elutheria rises; supported by Americana and Galiana.*

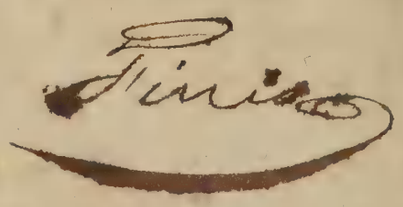
Etherius says, All hail Americana, thou glorious light!

Thou babe in years, thou gianteſs in might—
Like riſing ſol thou'ſt burſt the womb of night.
When bards unborn, thy progreſs ſhall relate,
In foreign tongues thy rapid riſe tranſlate,
They muſt compare thee, birth of heavenly love!
To Pallas ſpringing from the head of Jove.
Hail princeſs bounteous as the god of day,
Who beams on all, his bright prolific ray!
Thy lib'ral hand thou art not wont to cloſe;
Thou help'ſt the wretched to ſuſtain their woes.
Europa's ſons, aſſiſted by thy grace,
Baſk in the rays of liberty and peace;
Myriads, now beckon'd by thy bounteous hand,
To freedom fly, from ſlavery's iron band;
And to the houſe of bondage bid adieu,
Like Jacob, with the promis'd land in view:
All with glad voices hail th'auſpicious day,
And Israel-like, they fling their chains away.

Grand Chorus.

Myriads, now beckon'd by thy bounteous hand,
To freedom fly, from ſlavery's iron band;
And to the houſe of bondage bid adieu,
Like Jacob, with the promis'd land in view:
All with glad voices hail th'auſpicious day,
And Israel-like, they fling their chains away.

FINIS.



9-11 ? Homer C. Corner

514264



